"THE ROMERO DAGGER," A THRILLING DETECTIVE STORY, NEXT WEEK.

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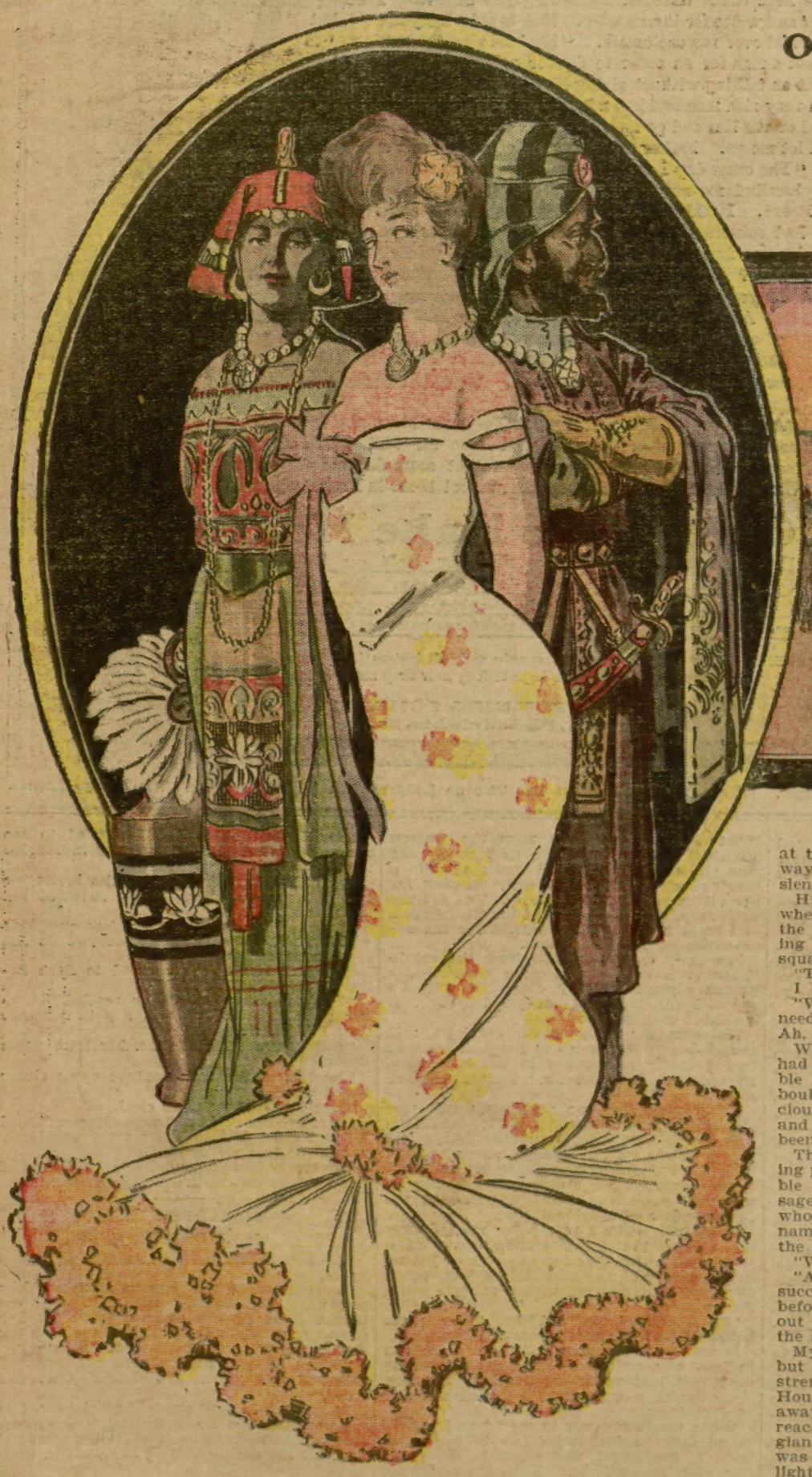
CLEOPATRA'S NECKLACE

or, The Curse of the White Sapphire.

By T. C. HARBAUGH.



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CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE SUMMONS.

My father was a detective before me. It was his desire that I, his only child, should not become one of the profession and early in life, even before I had entered my teens, he had planned that I should enter the law and in this my mother concurred. But the sudden and tragic death of my father changed those cherished plans, and, partly to avenge his taking off, for he met his fate at the hand of a notorious law-breaker, and partly from a love of the excitement that goes with a man-hunter's life, I stepped into the traces at an early age.

Whether I possessed my parent's acumen and analytical qualities, I cannot say, but I was successful from the first, fortunate, perhaps, in ferreting out some famous crimes, though I had to mark down some failures which only spurred me on.

I was about to close my little office for the day, eager to get to my lodgings to do some other work, when the door opened and I looked into the face of a man of forty. I had never seen him before, though I always carried a good memory of faces, but the moment I looked into his eyes something told me that he was to come into my life.

He was rather dark of skin, with intensely black eyes and hair. His upper lip was concealed by a long mustache, slightly curled at the end and his hands—I always had a way of judging people by their hands—were slender and dangerous.

His clothes were good, almost new, and when he had thrown a swift glance round the little room he came forward, and touching the table with one hand, looked me squarely in the face.

"Tracy Tellfair, I believe?" he said.

I bowed.

"Well, Mr. Tellfair, your services are needed at the home of St. John Marlowe. Ah, you know him, I see?"

Who did not know St. John Marlowe, or had not heard of him, the occupant of "Marble House" on one of the most fashionable boulevards of the city, a splendid and spacious mansion which overlooked the river, and within whose walls even presidents had been entertained?

The information struck me at once as being peculiar. If I was really needed at Marble House, why had not a telephone message reached me in advance of this man, who, as yet, had not even breathed his name? Why had St. John Marlowe confided the message to him?

"What has happened there?" I inquired.

"A visit will enlighten you. I wish you success, Mr. Tellfair," and with this and before I could detain my caller, he went out and gone and I heard his footsteps on the stairs.

My first impulse was to follow the man, but I resisted the temptation on the strength that I was really needed at Marble House, so, putting on my hat, I hurried away. I looked for my visitor when I reached the street, but he had vanished and glancing at my watch and noting that it was six o'clock and the streets already lighted, I boarded a car and was soon on my way uptown.

Something had happened at Marble House.

When I mounted the broad steps the door opened in my face and a servant whose face was very white, looked keenly at me and then stepped aside.

In the hallway I almost ran against the portly figure of St. John Marlowe himself. He was a man of sixty well preserved, cold-looking, eagle-eyed, and in every way distinguished. His closely-cropped beard looked more bristly than ever and the moment he saw me he fell back with an exclamation of surprise.

"Who sent for you?" he exclaimed, glaring at me.

"I thought you had, but if——"

He stopped me with a gesture.

"Come in here," he went on, leading the way to the large library to the right of the hall and on the ground floor. Then the moment he had shut the door behind him he turned on me with a white face.

"Is it true that you thought I had summoned you here?" he demanded. "In the devil's name, who told you what has happened in the house?"

"No one told me what has happened. I was informed that my services were needed here."

"Who told you so?"

I described my visitor as briefly as I could for I saw that Marlowe was impatient. When I had concluded he exclaimed:

"Why didn't you follow that fellow before coming up here?"

"I thought as a matter of course that you had sent him——"

"Never thought of such a thing. But sit down, Mr. Tellfair. You look like your father. I knew him well, though we were not the best of friends. But that's another story. My wife is dying upstairs. She has been in that condition since yesterday. She was struck down in this house by an assassin and robbed of the sapphire."

Everybody knew of the wonderful gem possessed by the Marlowes, the great white sapphire which the head of the house had picked up in Europe at a fabulous price—a gem with the most baleful history a gem ever had. I had never seen the jewel, but in common with the world at large, I knew its history, how it had once listened on the dusky bosom of Thermuthis, the daughter of the Pharaohs and the finder of Moses, how Saul had worn it when killed at Gilboa, how Cleopatra had made it the gem de resistance of her necklace which the Marlowes owned, how that same necklace had shone resplendent on the breast of the Medici, how the Borgias had prized it, and how Marie Antoinette, the fair victim of the Terror, had cursed her ownership of the unlucky treasure.

I looked in amazement at St. John Marlowe, wondering how he had the heart to stand before me and coolly tell me that his wife had been dying for a day by the hand of an assassin and that the Egyptian's necklace had vanished.

"I did not send for you," he continued. "That man was an impostor——"

"Perhaps the would-be murderer and thief," I put in, gently.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I don't

believe in following up that accursed gem. It has cursed every one into whose possession it has been. From the days of Thermuthis to the present there has been a tragedy in the family of its owner."

"But the necklace is too valuable to be lost, to say nothing of avenging the crime committed in Marble House?" said I.

St. John glared at me again and took several turns about the room, but the moment he again faced me I saw that his nerves were steel.

"I don't need your help," said he. "I don't care whether I ever again see that infernal stone. No, sir; I did not send for you. Good evening, Mr. Tellfair."

He opened the door and bowed me out. In the hall I turned and looked wonderingly at the cool head who could talk thus after what had taken place under his own roof. Was he mad?

"But you will have the affair investigated—especially if your wife dies?" I inquired, halting under the electric globe in the wide hallway.

"That's for me to decide," was the reply. "I shall take such steps as I see fit. In fact——"

He got no further, for at that moment a figure flitted down the steps and a voice said to him

"It is all over. Your wife is dead, Mr. Marlowe."

I looked at the speaker, and saw a tall, radiant, but white-faced woman. One hand gripped the railing and the sleeve that had slipped up showed me a perfect arm as white as the snows of the Appenines. Her eyes were dark and fascinating, but at first sight she looked so marble-hearted that I almost shivered.

"Dead is she?" said Marlowe, coolly, but without the slightest show of affection. "There could have been no other end to the affair. Well, good night, Mr. Tellfair." And as the woman, with a strange look at the mention of my name, turned to go back, I found myself moving toward the door.

CHAPTER II.

THE WOMAN ON THE STAIR.

The one thing that haunted me most after my unceremonious exit from Marble House was the woman on the stair. There was something about her that strangely impressed me, a something surrounded by mystery, and, while I did not believe I had ever encountered her before, her face looked familiar. Have you not, reader, seen in a dream a face which perhaps in after years you have met in active life, and has it not so impressed you as to cause many a sleepless night and much worry of mind?

The tall, statuesque figure, the cold marble face, and the deep, pool black eyes remained in my thoughts as I walked away, so much so that for a little while I forgot the other aspects of the case and did not think of Mrs. Marlowe and the tragical gems.

When I did recur to the happenings at Marble House I wondered at St. John Marlowe's indifference. The death of his wife, who had been murderously assaulted as he had admitted to me—and I thought he had regretted the admission—and the theft of the priceless jewels had affected him but little. Why did he want no detective to take the matter up? He had said that he did not send for me, and if this was true, then who was the man who had called at my office and sent me to Marble House?

Of course, Marlowe, who was a millionaire ten times over, would, if he could, prevent the double crime from gaining publicity; but I determined to thwart him in this, and when I reached my lodgings I had fully made up my mind to probe the mystery to the bottom.

As I have said, everybody had heard something of the wonderful necklace with such a history. The Marlowes had owned it for years, and it was easy to trace it back to the days of the Pharaohs through all its tragical history. The main gems in the necklace were pearls, but the great gem, the center pendant, was the white sapphire, a beautiful asteria, for buried in its lucent depths was a complete star. Any lapidary could have told the inquirer had the famous stone had brought disaster to every owner, for Pharaoh's daughter had drowned herself in the Nile, and from that first tragic event to the murder of Mrs. Marlowe, the white sapphire's history had been traced in blood.

With the face of the woman on the stair still in my mind I opened my father's desk and overhauled his papers. He had kept a record of all his cases, and, whenever possible, he had added to those records photographs of the people whom he had run down, so that more than once I had traced criminals from those same papers which had filled more than one gap in my own man chases.

Suddenly I uttered a cry and a photograph which I had taken from a packet tied carefully with red tape nearly fell from my hands. It was the face of a woman perhaps forty, but what had startled me was the fact that it was the counterpart of the face I had seen on the stair in Marble House.

There could be no mistake, but, of course it was not the photograph of the same person as the records dated back some years, still the striking resemblance was there.

Mother and daughter? I dared not say. The papers told me that the photograph in my hand was that of Lucia Carmon, a woman whom my father had run down as a noted poisoner, but who finally escaped him by committing suicide just when he was about to hale her before a court of justice. I read the story of Lucia Carmon with intense avidity. I fixed the facts in my mind, and as my father had traced out her life's history, which was very romantic, I did not lay aside the story until I had reached the end. Then I remained silent for some time, gazing at the picture, and again recalling the woman who had glided down the stair in Marble House to say to St. John Marlowe, "Your wife is dead."

The next day and the next I hunted the papers over to find an account of the crime. But they were as silent as the grave, and I felt that the inmates of the great house on the boulevard were keeping the blood-stained secret for its master.

I thought once of going back there and demanding the truth and thus bring the facts so far as known of Mrs. Marlowe's death before the public.

I knew that St. John Marlowe had a dissolute son who left home some years prior to the tragedy, disinherited by his father, that the Marlowes had adopted a young girl, now a woman; but beyond this, I knew little or nothing about the millionaire's family.

Marlowe himself no longer appeared on the street as a money-maker; he had money enough, and aside from a trip now and then to Europe, he seldom appeared in public. His wife was more fashionable; she was fond of entertaining, of showing her jewels, among them Cleopatra's necklace, which after every reception at Marlowe House became the talk of the town.

The third night after my visit to Marble House I came suddenly upon the woman who had haunted me from that hour. She was stylishly dressed and was seated in a carriage at a corner evidently waiting for her escort who was in a store. She did not notice me, for I had stepped hurriedly back, and from a secure place waited for the appearance of her companion.

Presently there emerged from the establishment a man much older than she, a person almost lavishly clad, but with a spare, lean face and deep-set eyes that twinkled maliciously.

He stepped nimbly to the carriage, said something in low tones to the woman, who bowed coldly and spoke to the coachman. In another moment the vehicle dashed away.

Fortunately for me an empty cab was standing near waiting for a fare and in a jiffy I was seated in it and the driver had orders not to let the strange woman escape him. I would know something about her; I would confront her and draw from her by fair means or foul something about the double crime of Marble House.

In a little while I was being rattled over the stones, the cab bouncing along at a rapid rate until after ten minutes of jolting it pulled up and the man on the box leaned over and looked at me with a cabby's satisfied grin.

"She's stopped, sir," said he. "The fourth house down the street. You can see, sir."

It was true. The carriage had pulled up in front of a well-to-do brick house, and my prey was just vanishing inside. Throwing the cabman a good fare, I leaped out and walked forward.

What would she say to me when I should stand face to face with her in her own house? Perhaps I was about to enter the lair of a tigress, but I would not have turned back if I had been assured of a dagger at my throat the moment I entered the hall.

I did not have to wait long after I pulled the bell. Footsteps in the hall beyond the door caught my eager ears and the next moment the tall beauty stood before me.

I half expected to have her slam the door in my face; but instead she smiled coldly and held the portal open half invitingly.

I stepped inside and she closed the door without looking at me.

The globe was lighted in the hall, revealing her figure, supple and graceful, and throwing over her face a stranger color than I had ever seen there.

"So you have come? I thought you would play bloodhound," she said.

"Could you doubt that I wanted to see you after what has happened in Marble House?"

She did not speak, nor did she invite me into the parlor, which I was satisfied lay at my right hand.

"I would like to ask you a few questions which you need not answer if you do not care to," I continued.

The pool black eyes seemed to flash defiance.

"You are very kind," she replied, drawing back slightly. "I will say in advance that I know nothing."

"But you were with Mrs. Marlowe when she died?"

The lips of the tall creature came closer together.

Then I played another card.

"You are the child of Lucia Carmon," said I, "and I demand to know what you know about the tragedy of Marlowe House."

She threw up her hands, uttered a cry and fell against the wall.

CHAPTER III.

MAG GEFFRON.

The bolt fired a little at random had gone home.

For a moment the woman remained like one paralyzed against the wall with the bright light of the electric globe on her drawn face, while she looked at me with the ferocity of a tigress when brought to bay.

"What do you say? Is it not true?" I followed up. "You are Lucia Carmon's child."

In another instant she had straightened in my presence and I saw the handsome figure increase in stature as if she were about to hurl all the anathemas of her passion upon me.

"And what are you?" she cried. "You are the son of the man who drove my mother to her death. I knew you the moment St. John Marlowe spoke your name the other night. It sent a shaft of fire to my very soul and you must have seen me start."

"I did. You started when my name was mentioned."

"As the father pursued the mother so the son pursues the daughter."

"I am not pursuing you. I am simply on the track of the slayer. Mrs. Marlowe died at the hands of some man and the white sapphire has vanished."

"How do you know that?"

"St. John Marlowe made the admission."

She seemed nonplussed at this, but in a moment recovered her self-possession.

What to do with a LIVELY BOY after School Hours

ANY lively boy will keep his mother "guessing" when school closes. Edward Bower Hesser, of New York City, is one of that sort. His mother heard of a boy who kept out of mischief by selling *The Saturday Evening Post* and wrote for information. Ned is only ten years old, but soon had over 100 customers. "My best plan," he writes, "is to ask a man for an order to deliver each week and then keep right on talking without giving him a chance to say 'no.' If he is a very rich man and has a lot of people waiting, I step to the head of the line and go right in. All the men think I am his son and let me go. Father says it works only because I am small.

"The other day I called on Mayor Low, who it was said never subscribed for anything. He was just going before the Armory Board. I told him Mr. William Rockefeller and Mr. Seligman had subscribed. He asked so many questions that the gentlemen became impatient. I said, 'Gentlemen, won't you please disperse? This is a personal matter!' Everybody laughed and the Mayor subscribed. He is a very fine gentleman."

Another gentleman "captured" by Ned is the vice-president of one of the large insurance companies. He wrote to the publishers: "Can you tell me the name of a boy who took my order for *The Saturday Evening Post*? There is a position waiting for him here when he wants it."

At the end of his year's work Ned's mother writes: "I wish to thank you for what the work has done for Ned. *The Saturday Evening Post* has helped us to solve that most difficult of problems, 'What to do with an active boy after school hours in New York.'"

6000 Boys Make Money

By selling *The Saturday Evening Post* on Fridays and Saturdays. Any boy can do the same. We will send the first week's supply of 10 copies free. After that at the wholesale price. $300 next month in CASH PRIZES.

WRITE TO-DAY for the first week's supply and full instructions, including a booklet written by some of our boys telling how they made successes.

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HARD ARGUMENTS.

Coffee Uses Them Whether One Likes or Not.

The ill effects of coffee are present in many coffee drinkers but some people pay no attention to the warning signals like dyspepsia, insomnia, nervousness, fluttering of the heart, etc., until coffee finally uses a knock down argument which means collapse on the part of the coffee drinker.

"I am 30 years old and have drank coffee since I can remember until four years ago when I broke down completely with nervous prostration and indigestion. I simply cannot describe the agony I suffered.

"Doctor told me he could not help me if I did not leave coffee alone, so I bought some Postum to give it a trial. At first I did not know how to make it and was disappointed in the taste, but after reading the directions on the package carefully, made it right, and then I thought it better than coffee. At that time I weighed 140 pounds and now I weigh 185 pounds, that's quite a gain, isn't it? I never have indigestion now and the headaches are all gone and I am otherwise entirely well and strong.

"I never had any troubles that were not due to drinking coffee and these disappeared and health came in their place when I shut off coffee and drank Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"I know nothing—for you."

"But you were with Mrs. Marlowe when she died. You were an inmate of Marble House when the double crime was committed."

"What if I was? For you, man-hunter, I know nothing."

"But for the sake of justice——"

"To the dogs with justice!" she almost shrieked. "You are a clew finder by profession. Your father trained you in that line. Go out yonder and find the trail for yourself; that is your business. But let me warn you to keep out of my affairs."

"You are in the secret, then; and this being the case you are apt to be drawn into the mess."

"If you dare, sir!" she cried, shutting her long, white hands. "Go away, fool, and weave the meshes that may entangle you."

With this she pointed toward the door, but the next moment, to my infinite surprise, she cooled down and came toward me.

Opening a door alongside the hall she ushered me into a darkened parlor where she soon turned on a light and again we stood face to face.

"You have named me rightly, for I am the daughter of Lucia Carmon, but I am known for reasons best known to myself as Ruth Jansen. I am a nurse by profession. I try to make an honest living. I have been an inmate of Marble House. I was there on the night of the crime, but I have no information for you, Mr. Tellfair."

This was certainly the acme of coolness. In all my life I had never encountered a woman of such supreme nerve. And while I looked at her I saw that should she come into the case I would have a clever person to deal with.

"When did it happen?" I asked.

For a second it seemed that she was about to break her word and give me some information, but the next instant I was doomed to disappointment.

"I know nothing—for you."

It was the same old refusal.

"How was Mrs. Marlowe killed?"

"Go and ask her husband," laughed Ruth Jansen.

Her exasperating coolness only served to madden me. And while a smile appeared at the corners of her finely chiseled mouth, I thought of how in much the same manner her mother had faced my father when the shadow of the noose was over her head.

"Was Mr. Marlowe's son——"

"He has no son. He has disowned him."

"Miss Marlowe, then——"

"Ah! there you have it. Perhaps that young chit knows something, but Ruth Jansen's lips are sealed—to you."

I saw that I could do no more. While my blood fairly boiled under my defeat, I wished I could have thrown that haughty creature against the wall and choked her secrets from her. But I saw that this would have been a doubtful task, for she was as strong as a lioness and reminded me of the pictures of some queens of tragedy I had seen.

"Good night, Mr. Tellfair," she said, coolly, and that was all.

Once more on the street I looked up at the house and noted its number. The door shut behind me with a defiant bang, and I thought I detected a burst of triumphant laughter beyond it, but I did not pause but hurried away.

The cab had ceased to wait for me, for I had left no orders to that effect, as I could easily catch another in that part of the city, and in another moment I was walking away.

I had not proceeded more than twenty steps when I thought I heard pursuing footsteps behind me, and looking back I saw a little woman dressed in close-fitting black about to touch my arm.

The most prominent thing about her was her little black eyes, the most intense I ever saw in a human head, and when I halted she seemed pleasd.

"Well, what is it?" I queried.

"You didn't make much out of the Queen, did you?" the little woman said, with a grimace.

DR. SHOOP'S

Rheumatic Cure

Costs Nothing if It Fails.

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not disappoint me as other Rheumatic prescriptions had disappointed physicians everywhere.

I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of Rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish for a full month my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases will yield within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease, that is irresistible.

My offer is made to convince you of my faith. My faith is but the outcome of experience—of actual knowledge. I KNOW what it can do. And I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism. I will then arrange with a druggist in your vicinity so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure to make the test. You may take it a full month on trial. If it succeeds, the cost to you is $5.50. If it fails, the loss is mine and mine alone. It will be left entirely to you. I mean that exactly. If you say the trial is not satisfactory I don't expect a penny from you.

I have no samples. Any mere sample that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, for it is dangerous to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood. My remedy does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met, and in all of my experience, in all of my 2,000 tests, I never found another remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten.

Write me and I will send you the book. Try my remedy for a month, for it can't harm you anyway. If it fails the loss is mine.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 502, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases not chronic are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

"The Queen, eh? Is that what you call the woman back yonder?"

"Yes; doesn't she look like one? We all know her as the Queen in this neighborhood. She is marble-hearted, but dangerous. Did she tell you how Mrs. Marlowe died?"

I started just a trifle. How did this woman know what had taken place in Marble House?

"What do you know about Marble House?" I asked.

"I know a good deal about them," she answered. "I used to have the entree to that mansion, but of late years I haven't put my foot across the threshold, though I would just like to go there again to see my little charge."

"Who's that?"

"Miss Cyrille."

"Marlowe's daughter?"

"Not his flesh and blood, but his child just the same, for she bears his name."

I was interested, and in another moment I had drawn the little woman away from the pedestrians and had her all to myself.

"Tell me about Mrs. Marlowe. She is dead and they say that the wonderful necklace is lost."

"That's good. Then it won't bring trouble to Cyrille. Thy say its white sapphire is an accursed stone, and it must be if half they tell about its history is true. I'm glad it's lost. May it never be found to become the property of my little darling!"

"Was Cyrille happy in Marble House?"

"How could she be with such guardians? Why, Mrs. Marlowe had the temper of a fiend, and her husband—why, haven't I seen him throw a glass of wine in her face, ruining her dress, and when she let loose on him—oh, you should have heard her!"

The woman laughed.

"St. John Marlowe, then, did not love his wife?"

"That's it; he did not love her. Say, what would you say if I should tell you that the Queen has been living at Marble House, and she is a beauty and no mistake."

"Do you think St. John Marlowe liked her?"

"I won't say what I think. It wouldn't be proper under the circumstances. But Ruth Jansen will bear watching; that's what I will say. And since Cyrille is alone in Marble House with that man, I will add, Heaven help her. She is one of the sweetest women on earth. I nursed her in that very house and the wonder is that she grew to womanhood beneath its roof. My name is Mag Geffron. They all know me in this part of town. But I don't know you and never may. Good night, sir."

I tried to detain the woman, but she slipped through my fingers like an eel.

CHAPTER IV.

I MEET MISS CYRILLE.

The old saying that murder will out is trite but true.

The keeping of the dread secret of Marble House was scarcely within the range of possibilities, and things turned out just as I expected.

Before the night was much older a late edition of the newspapers came out with a scant story of the death of its mistress, and St. John Marlowe had admitted that the death of his wife was due to violence. But the household, according to the published story, knew little. The account which I read said that Mrs. Marlowe had been surprised in her luxurious home by some one who had choked her into insensibility, perhaps for the purpose of obtaining possession of the famous necklace which had disappeared.

Now that the secret was out, I had a right to show myself in the case, and lost no time in doing so. The next day I presented myself at the house and was admitted. I waited until after the funeral had been held and until the minds of the tenants of the brown stone mansion had settled back a little to the realities of life.

St. John Marlowe, remembering my previous call, met me with a scowl which was soon chased away by a different expression, and in the library we met face to face.

Believing that he would tell me but little, owing to his unpleasant relations with my father, I was not disappointed. He said he had no suspicions, but believed that robbery was the intention of the murderer and that the attack on his wife was occasioned by her coming unexpectedly upon the villain during his quest.

He spoke hotly about the necklace with its accursed gem. He hoped he had seen the last of it; it had cursed more than one family during its existence, and the tragic death of Mrs. Marlowe was proof enough that its bloody qualities were still preserved.

I saw from the first that I was not a welcome guest at Marble House; but that did not deter me from the line of duty. I wanted to see the other inmates of the place, especially Miss Cyrille of whom both Ruth Jansen and Mag Geffron had spoken.

Suddenly St. John Marlowe rose and abruptly quitted the room. I was alone in the great chamber which had been fitted up without regard to cost. Its magnificence almost overwhelmed me. The costly paintings on the walls, the statuettes he had brought from the old world, the array of priceless volumes, all this struck me forcibly and held me spellbound in the midst of its grandeur.

All at once I heard footsteps in the hall, and the next moment a vision of loveliness appeared at the open door. My heart said at once that it was Cyrille Marlowe.

Imagine a slight, girlish figure, with an oval face, framed in golden hair, a pair of deep, confiding blue eyes, and you have the picture of the young creature whom Ruth Jansen had called a "chit."

She was dressed not in mourning, but in spotless white, a bit of old lace falling upon her bosom, and bracelets on her snowy arms. She was evidently seeking St. John, for the moment she saw me she uttered a little cry, but remained spellbound where she stood at the threshold.

I rose when she gave vent to the little cry, and, bowing, said that St. John Marlowe had just stepped out.

Then she came forward, looking strangely at me.

"Are you Mr. Stefface?" she asked.

"No; I am Tracy Tellfair," I answered. "This has been a sad day. Miss Marlowe."

She started, but quickly tried to pull herself together as she shuddered perceptibly; but I noticed that she did not retreat.

"What do you know about—about the crime?" she queried.

"I want to know a great deal," I replied. "It may be in your power to tell me something."

"To tell you something?" she echoed. "Why should I tell you anything?"

"Because one must have a starting point and others might not give me any clew."

Then it was that she seemed to guess my identity. With a hurried look up and down the hall she came forward and stopped at the edge of the table. The blue eyes became fastened on my upturned face, and for some moments I was placed under one of the strangest scrutinies of my life.

With that fair, white face so close to mine I could see how very beautiful, though sad, it was. With one hand Cyrille hastily brushed back a stray lock and then said:

"I think I can guess who you are. You must be a detective."

"I am, Miss."

"Did they send for you?"

Why "they?"

"No," I answered, "I came of my own accord. You must know that the double crime is known everywhere, for the papers have it."

She only looked at me like a frightened fawn, and I saw that she did not fully comprehend.

"Didn't he, father, send for you? Or did Ruth Jansen——"

She paused and seemed to shudder at her mention of the nurse's name.

"Neither sent for me," I explained again. "But I am here, and if I can unravel this mystery you will be glad, no doubt."

"Why should I be glad? What good would it do the dead and what good will it do the living if the white sapphire comes back?"

"Justice should overtake the guilty and punishment——"

"The white sapphire will in time become the avenger," she interrupted.

Then, as if she had heard a footstep beyond the door, she paused and listened, but as the sound, if she had heard one, was not repeated, she again turned to me.

"Were you with your mother when she died?" I asked.

"You must know that I am a Marlowe but in name," she corrected. "No; I was not with her when she died. They would not let me in the room."

"Who would not, Miss Marlowe?"

"The nurse—Jansen."

"Ah! she was probably acting under orders?"

"I do not know."

"Who were your mother's visitors the night of the tragedy?"

"She had but one visitor that I know of, and that was Mrs. Veronica Harcourt, of —th street."

"The banker's widow," I said, and Cyrille bent her head. Then an instant later she said:

"It is all very strange. We did not see any strange man about the premises that day. Yet my mother was choked by some one and the necklace taken. I shall never forget one thing, never."

She paused a moment, as if afraid to confide entirely in me because of my calling, but suddenly she leaned toward me and almost in whispers, went on:

"Mother was found in her room upstairs. I was in the parlor at the piano strumming a new piece. Suddenly I heard voices on the stairs and when I went into the hall I saw St. John Marlowe coming down and Mrs. Harcourt was just behind him. I slipped back to the piano and resumed my playing when suddenly the parlor seemed filled with a strange, overpowering perfume, and I felt my head whirl. When I recovered I was lying on the floor and Jansen was bending over me. The tall woman was looking down into my face, and when I spoke she caught me up half rudely and told me of the tragedy. That is all I know, Mr. Tellfair."

A faint smile came to her lips as she concluded.

"By the way," said I, "how came Ruth Jansen in the house at that time?"

"Father sent for her as a professional nurse, for mother had been a little indisposed ever since the Hadley-Sartain party. She appeared kind to me, Jansen did, but may God forgive me, Mr. Tellfair, if I could ever like her. I——"

"What! you here, Cyrille!" said a harsh voice at the door. "Go to your room at once!"

St. John Marlowe had come back.

CHAPTER V.

THE LITTLE DARK MAN AGAIN.

I shall never forget the look which St. John Marlowe gave Cyrille when he returned to the library and found the girl closeted with me. It was more than a scowl; a dark cloud seemed to have settled over the man's face and the fair young girl who had already enlisted my sympathies seemed to shiver as she silently obeyed and went up the stairs.

"The child's nerves are unstrung, and no wonder," said St. John to me, as Cyrille disappeared. "It has been too much for her, and I trust, Mr. Tellfair, that you did not advert to the tragedy."

"You know my business," said I, with a stiff bow, for I did not like this cold-blooded man.

"Then you have been questioning her," he exclaimed. "I must express my disapprobation of your course. Remember that you were not summoned thither. You take advantage of distressing circumstances and invade Marble House. May I request your departure, sir?"

I felt like refusing what was nothing less than a dismissal, but, recalling the young girl who had just fled white-faced from the room, I bowed and walked to the door.

There, with rising ire which I did not strive to beat down, I paused and looked sharply at the man standing stone-like at the table.

"I shall pursue my investigations without Marble House," said I. "I did not intend to irritate Miss Cyrille's nerves, but, as a detective, I have a right to question her, since she was intimately connected with your late wife, though she is not your daughter."

I thought he would break out into a spasm of passion, but to my surprise he kept his nerves under wonderful control.

"That is a well-known fact," he simply said. "Miss Cyrille is not my child, and," he lowered his voice, "and I thank Heaven she is not," he finished.

I did not reply, fearing that what I wished to avoid—an unpleasant encounter with St. John Marlowe, so, wishing him good day, I walked from the house.

When I reached my office I found at the door, as if waiting for me, though the hour was not a business one with me, a person at sight of whom I could not repress a start.

Of all men he was the very one I wished to see. But once before had I encountered him and then he had brought the news which had drawn me into this strange case.

He was dressed the same as when he burst in upon me saying that I was needed at Marble House. Yes, the messenger, the man who had given me the first inkling of the tragedy, was waiting for me. I might have searched the whole city over for him without results; but here he was with that same half malicious look in his dark eyes and as much of an enigma as before.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting long," I said, as I bowed. "I was not aware that you were waiting for me, else——"

"Else you would have curtailed your visit up town, eh?" he finished for me.

"Perhaps," and I opened the door and waved him across the threshold.

Once in the office he turned toward the table in the center of the floor and leaning against it folded his arms with consummate coolness. Then he looked straight into my face, letting his lips fall apart as if about to speak, but instead he remained silent.

"Well?" I began.

"You found that I spoke the truth," he answered. "I told you that you were needed at Marble House."

"But Marlowe informs me that he did not send any message by you."

At this the stranger broke into a little laugh.

"By me? I guess not. I suppose I would be about the last person St. John Marlowe would trust with a secret or a message even. You found that something had happened up there?"

"I did."

"And something no doubt of enough import to interest you. The Egyptian necklace, with its accursed gem, the white sapphire, would be enough of itself to challenge attention, to say nothing of the tragic part of the drama. Look at the picture: One of the wealthiest women in the city is attacked by some one as yet unknown to the outside world; she is rendered unconscious by the assaulting party and remains in a condition which prevents her from telling what she must have known of the tragedy. Then Cleopatra's necklace, one of the most famous royal jewels of the world, disappears at the same time. Naturally, you connect the two crimes. Now, sir," and I thought I saw the dark eyes get a more restless gleam, "what information does St. John Marlowe, the widowed husband, impart and how much does he offer from his almost unlimited wealth for the return of the white sapphire and the arrest of his wife's slayer?"

"As yet he offers nothing," I was forced to answer, whereat my listener smiled cynically.

"Not a dollar and he could go out into the street and buy a dozen business blocks paying the cash down. St. John Marlowe is a human enigma, but even that can be solved by the right man. You are into the case, of course?"

"I am."

"That's good, and, in a measure, I wish you success."

"In a measure? How's that?"

"I decline to tell you."

"But you want the guilty punished?"

"Who does not?"

"You know St. John Marlowe well, then?"

"As well as any can know the likes of him. They were both cold-blooded. Mrs. Marlowe must have been taken unawares or she would have given her assailant the battle of her life. Were you up in the room where the struggle took place?"

"No; I got no further than the library, owing to St. John Marlowe's interference."

"What members of the household did you see?"

"St. John and Miss Cyrille."

"Ha, you met the white butterfly?" he grinned. "She's a beauty, is she not? And

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did you notice her hands? You wouldn't think she could strangle any one?"

I felt that I flushed with indignation. My gorge rose as these words came from the man's tongue and I flashed in his face:

"Beware what you say! That child—she is little more than that—is incapable of wrong doing."

"Ha, ha, ha! There are pretty serpents in this world whose sting is death."

"Stop! That will do. I will listen to no accusation against Miss Marlowe. I would rather suspect the other woman——"

"What other one?" he broke in.

"Ruth Jansen, so-called."

He changed color under my gaze.

"What do you know of her?" he asked.

"I know what I will not disclose."

"Say," he went on, advancing a step, and his look caused me to fall back a little. "Let's be square with one another. You're a detective——"

"Who are you?"

"You may call me Mark Gray, though that is liable not to be my name. However, it will do for the present. What will you give for a clew?"

"For any you may profess to have, that!" and I disdainfully snapped my fingers in his face. His insinuations against Cyrille had maddened me. "When I want a clew, sir, I will not come to you for it. You have attempted to smirch the character of a young girl——"

"And you're her champion, I suppose?" he sneeringly interjected. "Well, I wish you success, Mr. Tellfair, but before you're through with this little chase you'll wish you had not laughed at Mark Gray's offer. Now you can let me out. I see you're between me and the door. Don't try to stop me; I've business elsewhere," and as I opened the door the black-eyed man laid his hand threateningly on his hip and passed me with a look I never forgot.

"Who would tell her?"

CHAPTER VI.

IN MARBLE HOUSE.

Two days later the whole city was surprised to learn two things—that St. John Marlowe had offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the solution of the double mystery of Marble House, and that, with Miss Cyrille, he had embarked on a Cunard steamer for Europe.

It was given out through the medium of the newspapers that both Marlowe and the young woman needed rest after the exciting events they had passed through and the people generally accepted this explanation without question.

As for myself I did not. I fancied that St. John Marlowe wanted to get beyond the scene of the mysteries, that he wished to avoid the inquisitive, especially the detectives; and I was indeed sorry, from what I had already discovered, that Miss Cyrille was still under the eye of that man.

The day after the steamer's departure I might have been seen quietly entering Marble House through a back door. The shades of evening had fallen and in some of the darker streets the glimmer of lights were visible.

I desired to personally inspect the scene of the crime, not expecting to run across many clews, but my experience had been that they were often found in the most unlooked-for places.

The great house was shut up, as if every living thing had left it; the shutters were drawn close, the doors locked, but thanks to the liberal allotment of keys with which I had provided myself I was enabled to laugh at locksmiths and made my way from chamber to chamber without much trouble.

Everything indicated that Marlowe had left the house for a good stay abroad, and as I was not likely to be interfered with, I rejoiced and proceeded deliberately with my silent investigation.

Of course, it would have suited me best to have found Cyrille at home, for I believed that St. John's return to the library during my last visit had prevented her from giving me some important information. Then I recalled how the young girl upon entering the room had mistaken me for a Mr. Stefface. Perhaps in the light which prevailed at the time I looked like another. This little mistake had caused me to investigate a little, and I had discovered that the Mr. Stefface referred to by Cyrille was a well-known man of the town, and more, that he was almost my exact counterpart, hence Cyrille's blunder.

Earl Stefface was both blackleg and gambler, who had a way of getting into the good graces of the wealthy, and more than one nabob he had fleeced through his knowledge of cards and black magic. He was often seen with St. John Marlowe, had been a caller at Marble House, and I did not doubt that he had designs upon Cyrille, who, since Marlowe had disinherited his son, would naturally come in for a good share of his millions.

The lower rooms of Marble House netted me nothing.

After searching them thoroughly I ascended to the second floor and opened the door which led me into the room where the tragedy was said to have taken place.

It was a large, high-ceiled chamber with rich crimson paper on the walls. The soft carpet yielded like a bed of flowers beneath my feet, and everywhere I felt the subtle semblance of a strange perfume which recalled Cyrille's story of the singular fragrance which had overcome her in the parlor on the night of the crime.

In one corner of the chamber stood the high-curtained bed upon which Mrs. Marlowe had died. Near it was a dresser, the drawers of which when opened, gave me no clews. The chamber was not far from the head of the front staircase which could be seen from the door, while at the other end of the hall was another stair which would let a person out at the rear of the house through a way narrow and almost secret.

I had noted these things before proceeding to investigate Mrs. Marlowe's room. On closing the door of the tragic chamber behind me I tried the electric light dangling from the ceiling and found that the current had not been shut off. In another moment the room was flooded with light.

As I have said the drawers of the dresser yielded me nothing and I was about to carry my investigations to another part of the house when my eye chanced to catch sight of something white protruding beyond the edge of the covering on the dresser. When I pulled it out with a good deal of curiosity I found that I held in my hand a bit of folded paper—folded like a note.

But the next moment my surprise knew no bounds when under the electric light I discovered that the letter was addressed to me.

Of course I lost no time in opening the paper and a glance at the bottom of the writing revealed the name of Cyrille.

Then amid the most profound silence I read as follows:

"Mr. Tellfair: I cannot help believing that after we are on the ocean you will carry your investigations into Marble House which is my excuse for writing you. I do not want to go away with St. John Marlowe, but I dare not cross him. You will remember that when I came to the door of the library some nights ago I mistook you for Mr. Stefface. This was because of the light shining in my eyes and partly—I trust you will forgive me—on account of the strange resemblance between you two. I cannot quit America for scenes which I may not enjoy without leaving this for you in the rooom where Mrs. Marlowe met her doom and from which the accursed necklace was taken. Last night Ruth Jansen came back and met St. John in the library. They had high words and the woman stood in the hall ere she went away and used language that made me shiver. There is much of the tigress in that woman's nature, though she is called cold-blooded. I believe that she knows more about that one night than she has told. If you could wrest her secret from her I believe the solution of the double mystery would not bother you long after that. Her eyes charm me in a strange manner; whenever I come into her presence I instantly feel weak, and I believe on more than one occasion she has hypnotized me. If St. John had not ordered me from the library the night you were here I would have told you this: Mother—I call her mother, for I can remember no other—had two visitors that night, Mrs. Harcourt and a man. I am unable to say which one saw her last. Something tells me that one of these parties could tell you something if they would, and I maintain that Ruth Jansen could do the same. But I dare not accuse. I can only hope that Heaven will eventually guide you to a solution of this mystery; but I trust the white sapphire is gone for good. I may never return from the old world, for my life is saddened, and my days are dark. I do not know where we are going. He tells me nothing. Good-by. Cyrille Marlowe."

I read this letter twice before I looked up. It had been written with a good deal of deliberation, for the letters were perfectly formed and the whole well punctuated. The girl was shrewder than I had taken her to be. She had foreseen my visit to Marble House in search of information, and had hit upon the plan of leaving a communication for me where I would be likely to find it.

So Mrs. Harcourt, the rich widow, was not the dead woman's only visitor that night. A man had come—a man whose identity was as yet unknown to me, and Ruth Jansen, according to Cyrille's belief, also was possessed of knowledge which might further the ends of justice. I had never doubted this, especially not since my encounter with the woman at her own home.

Upon quitting the room I went down the

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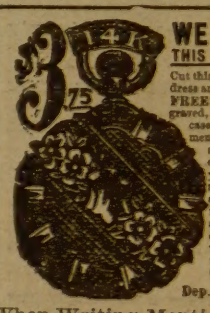

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hall to the door of the back staircase. Perhaps the strange man had used it to enter the house unperceived. I opened the door and leaning over the first step peered as far as I could into the gloom below. A musty odor came up to me and told me that the stairway was not often used or aired. Curious to see whither it led, I began to descend and was half-way down when the opening of a door startled me.

I stopped instantly and fell against the wall at my back, and at the same time tried to pierce the shadows below me, for the door which had opened seemed to be down there.

It was so dark beneath me that I could not see whether some one was coming into Marble House by the stairway or not, and I longed to pull my little electric lantern and flash its light into the gloom.

Indeed, I was on the eve of doing this when I distinctly heard a footstep on the stair, and then an ejaculation in a woman's voice.

Some one had come in.

"I wonder if I am ahead of him?" said the voice below. "He promised to meet me here, and the time is almost up."

These words reached my strained ears with startling distinctness and no longer did I ask myself who was on the lower steps of that dark staircase.

I knew as well as if I had thrown the light of a bull's-eye down the flight, for I had heard the voice before, heard it in Marble House, heard it say: "Your wife is dead, Mr. Marlowe."

Yes; I knew that Ruth Jansen, the tall beauty, the marble-hearted woman, the person supposed to be the custodian of a dreadful secret, was coming up the dark stair.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FLASH OF A DAGGER.

I cannot speculate what the reader would have done in my place and caught unawares as I had been.

It was evident that Ruth Jansen had come to Marble House for the purpose of meeting some one and I was anxious to witness the meeting, and, if possible, overhear the conversation; but, caught as I was in a trap, I feared for a little while that I would fail of my purpose.

I knew that the stairway was not wide enough to let the woman pass me without risk of discovery, for on the slightest touch she would stop and either fly or seize me and hold me in her grip of iron. The landing which I had just left was not far away, but too far back to do me much good, and while I stood with my back touching the dark wall I thought faster than I had ever thought before.

Suddenly to my relief the woman stopped on the flight.

"Where's my glove?" I heard her ask herself in audible tones. "I don't care to drop anything in this house. I'll go down and look for it."

I heard her descend the steps and in a little while I knew she was sweeping the floor below with her hands for the dropped glove. This incident, as if thrown out to me by fortune, gave me the very opportunity I coveted. In a moment I had slipped to the head of the steps and noiselessly opened the door. In another second I was out of the trap and gliding down the hall beyond.

To the left of the main staircase, down which I had seen the tall nurse come with tidings of Mrs. Marlowe's death, was a large niche which at one time must have contained a statue. It was a dark place, large enough for my body, and I squeezed myself into it and waited for Jansen.

Presently I heard footsteps in the hall beyond my hiding place and a glance showed me the tall figure which crept ghost-like toward the stair. Whether or not she had recovered her glove I did not know, but I again felt how fortunate the little incident had been for me.

The Queen went down the soft steps eagerly, and for a little while I heard her enter the library and shut the door behind her.

In another minute I was half-way down the steps myself and looking over the transom of the library door, for the light had been turned on. Ruth Jansen was there, but she was not alone. The person with whom she had kept an appointment in Marble House was on hand and I was looking at him as the light fell upon face and figure.

To say that I was startled at my second discovery would not give an adequate impression of how I felt. The woman stood in the middle of the room, her haughty figure drawn to its true stature and her hands hanging listless at her side. She faced the man. He was not as tall as she; neither was his face as full; in fact, it was thin and drawn like, and the upper lip was concealed by a black mustache slightly curled at the ends. But the eyes of the man entranced me most, for I had seen them before. In short, the person who had met Ruth Jansen in the house of the double mystery was my old visitor Mark Gray, the man who in the first place had sent me to Marble House.

The man occupied the chair usually filled by St. John Marlowe when in the library, and from its leathern depths he was looking into the cold face of the big nurse.

"Well, what do you want to say?" were the first words I heard when I had settled into my position as eavesdropper.

"That's a pretty question to ask me."

"You wanted me to meet you here. I am here. Now, tell me your errand to this house?"

The woman was cool and I saw that she would take no chaffing from the man.

"In the first place, then, I want to know how she died."

"Mrs. Marlowe?"

"My God! yes! Do you suppose I am asking about some wretched creature whose home is in an alley?"

"Come, don't get gay," said Ruth Jansen. "How do you know I can give you the information you want?"

"Because you were present."

"And where were you?"

"Never mind that. Aren't you going to answer my question? Or do you want me to get the information through other channels?"

For a moment the tall woman was silent, and I thought she would let him carry out his threat, but suddenly she stepped toward him and looked him squarely in the face.

"You poor miserable devil!" I heard her say in tones of supreme contempt. "You have no more right in this house than an Arab. You are nameless here; you've been blotted out by law; you've been thrown out upon the world like a murderer. Had St. John Marlowe been at home you would not have dared to risk your freedom by coming here."

"I know they've gone," said the man. "He had to take the doll-faced serpent with him? I could have choked her before she got aboard the ship."

"What good would that have done you?" laughed Ruth Jansen. "I for one wouldn't have blamed you, but, as I've said you've no right in this house."

"But I'm here —— you!" hissed the man in the chair, and the next moment he was on his feet, while his oath seemed still to quiver the very air about them. "But for you in part," he went on, "I would be here tonight by right."

"Ask St. John Marlowe. Go back over your past life and then ask yourself that question. You did it yourself, and, by the way, isn't it a little more than a coincidence that you should appear in this city about the time of the theft of the Egyptian necklace and the death of its owner?"

The listener seemed to be suddenly transformed into a statue of horror. Ruth Jansen had drawn back a little and one of her hands had disappeared among the folds of her dark dress. She was watching the man like a basilisk.

"That's pretty plain," I heard him say, at last catching his breath. "You don't mean to insinuate——"

"Take it as you please," she broke in. "What is more, you were in Marble House that night!"

"I?"

"You!" cried the nurse. "You ungrateful viper! Don't look at me with a threat. Don't stand there and tell me that you did not come up the back staircase that night between the hour of eight and nine and sneak down the hall toward Mrs. Marlowe's rooms——"

"I had a right here."

"You had no right here, for you had been blotted from the book of memory."

"You're a she-devil, that's what you are!" grated the man, who seemed to retreat from the flashing eyes of the tall nurse.

Ruth Jansen only laughed. She liked to tantalize the man before her.

"Never mind. Answer my first question: How did she die?"

"Her last breath was expended in cursing you."

"It is false! It is a lie! She did not curse me while her soul trembled on the verge of eternity. You are lying for a purpose. You were with her when she died. Probably you heard her last words and they are locked in your bosom. She did not curse me, her—"

"No more! You were in the house that night and you sneaked back like a thief and murderer. St. John Marlowe knows that you were here. Miss Cyrille knows, too."

"That little viper!"

"And unless you make yourself scarce from this night the police shall know also."

"Who would tell them?"

He sprang toward her with the fury of a tiger, his face crimson with passion; but the next instant something flashed from Ruth Jansen's side and the man stopped like one shot. He was facing an uplifted dagger and the white hand of the nurse seemed ready to drive it to the hilt in his breast.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ACCUSING PEARL.

It was all quite plain to me now.

The identity of the man who stood before Ruth Jensen, the man who had called himself Mark Gray to me, though he had intimated that that was not his name, was no longer a mystery.

He was none other than St. John Marlowe's dishonored, disinherited son. The poor wretch had come back, and if what the nurse had intimated was true, he had come back for a purpose which he had carried out.

Was he the murderer of Mrs. Marlowe, his mother, and had his hands snatched from her the great white sapphire which had glittered on the bosom of royalty?

While I looked down upon this man from my position on the stair I could not help wondering if all this were true. But for the uplifted dagger the man would have leaped upon Jansen like a tiger and I should have witnessed a tragedy. But the blade held him back, for, desperate though he was, he did not care to risk the fury of the tall woman too far.

I looked for the knife to descend, but suddenly Marlowe, I could call him nothing else now, drew off and shook his fist in the woman's face. In another moment he was at the door glaring madly at her who had baffled him, and then he was in the hall. I had just time to slip up the steps and shelter myself again in the statueless niche when I heard him on the flight.

"Keep your distance!" I heard the woman say, and then a dark figure crept down the corridor and vanished beyond the door of the back staircase.

I waited awhile longer for Ruth Jansen, but as she did not come up I followed Marlowe's example and quitted the house.

I would face the woman later; but for the present I wanted to follow the man.

When I reached the little street full of shadows that ran behind Marble House I saw a man at no great distance away and started after him.

He was walking slowly, and it was no great difficulty to keep him in sight, for he did not seem to shun observation, and in a short time I had tracked him to a small house some squares from the spot.

He entered with a latch key, showing that for the present he was living there, and marking the place well in my memory, I turned to other scenes.

Entering the lobby of a well-known hotel which I sometimes frequented, I was accosted by a man whom I well knew.

"I thought you would drop in here presently," said the man, who was Preston, of the great jewelry firm of Preston & Preston. "I think I have something to show you."

"Where?"

"At my office."

Ten minutes later when I was seated in the cosy office attached to the store, Mr. Preston opened a steel safe in one corner and took from it a little box which he carried to the table.

When he unlocked the little box and drew forth a magnificent necklace with a great white center pendant a cry of surprise escaped my lips.

"Cleopatra's necklace!" I cried. "In the name of Heaven, when did that turn up?"

A smile wreathed the jeweler's lips.

"This," said he, lifting the necklace from its velvet bed, "is but a duplicate. We made it several years ago for the late Mrs. Marlowe, and in every respect it is a duplicate of Cleopatra's necklace."

"It would deceive some of the experts, would it not?"

"It has deceived them already," was the reply. "On one occasion we induced Mrs. Marlowe to wear it at a reception, and it received all the admiration due the genuine stones. Of course, the curse which clings to the real white sapphire does not belong to our clever imitation; but I want to show you something else."

With this Preston dived into one of his pockets and drew forth something wrapped in tissue paper.

"Here," said he, "is one of the genuine stones of that wonderful necklace. This gem shone once on the dusky bosom of Pharaoh's daughter. Counting from the tip of the necklace to the right it is the sixth gem. I lay the true and the false side by side. See. You could not detect the difference. It takes an expert to do that, but our imitation is worth nothing but the lapidary's time; this gem," and he touched the genuine pearl, "is worth three thousand dollars. We bought it the other day for five hundred."

"You bought it?" I cried, falling back in my seat and gazing at my friend.

"We bought it," he repeated; "and the probability is that the seller stole it from Marble House."

"Undoubtedly," said I. "What was the seller like?"

"I did not see him," replied Preston. "The gem was bought by my son who was temporarily in the store at the time. He saw it was a bargain. Indeed, he did not know that the real necklace is missing, he but came back from the South the day before."

"But he knows what the seller was like?"

"Of course, he knows that. Being a jeweler that is part of his business."

"He described the man to you?"

"Yes; I had him do that the moment he laid the pearl in my hand."

"Well?"

Preston took out a note-book.

"He wrote down the description of the seller for me, and I thought of you."

The book was pushed across the table to me, and in another moment I was devouring the brief but succinct description of the seller of Cleopatra's pearl.

"What is it, Tellfair!" exclaimed the jeweler, when he heard an exclamation of astonishment well from my throat.

"I know the man!" said I. "I can lay hands on him yet tonight. I saw him scarce an hour ago, but I hope he is not the murderer."

"Why so?"

"Because——"

I did not dare to state my reasons, for the description tallied exactly with Marlowe, the disinherited.

"You want to solve this double mystery, don't you, Tellfair?"

"I will solve it!"

"And don't you think that the man who sold us that pearl knows who killed Mrs. Marlowe and took the white sapphire?"

"He may."

"You may have room for doubt, for you are a detective and already in the case, but if I knew where the seller is I would have him in my clutches before I slept."

"What if he were innocent?"

The look that came to Preston's face I shall never forget.

"If there is a possibility that he is not the right man, then tell me how he came into possession of that gem. Of course, he dared not offer the whole necklace. That would seal his guilt at once. He will sell the jewels one by one as he needs the cash, and——"

"I'm afraid you wouldn't make an extra good sleuth," I interrupted. "The man who sold this pearl may not be the guilty person."

"Very well; reason it out to suit yourself, Tellfair. But I have my opinion all the same."

And so had I despite my sympathies.

A few minutes later Preston locked up the duplicate necklace with the true jewel and we smoked a cigar before we left the office.

I had but to find Marlowe and confront him with the proofs of his guilt. I had but to enter the little house on M—— street and rouse him from his slumbers and tell him that he had reddened his hands with the blood of his own mother.

But I did nothing of the kind. Instead of seeking out Marlowe the disowned, I turned down into the street where a few nights before I had encountered old Mag Geffron. I wanted to see that woman again.

Another installment of this highly dramatic story will be offered Ledger readers in next week's issue. Any one desiring the Ledger's free cameras or patterns will find our announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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Senator Hoar tells of a profane Washington lawyer, who, having a case pending, told his office boy to "go over to the supreme court and see what the hell they are doing." When the boy arrived an important case was being heard, the bar and court being crowded with listeners. Seeing the boy's inquiring look, the chief justice interrupted the remarks of Mr. Choate, one of the counsel, and said to the lad: "What do you want, my boy?" "Mr. Blank told me to come over here and see what in hell you was up to," was the reply.

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Consider the ways of the humble dray; it has a tongue but it never gossips.

It's easier for the average woman to land a husband than it is to keep him landed.

Knocking a man down for caling you a liar doesn't disprove the allegation.

Most women suspect there is some mischief on tap every time their husbands smile.

We are impatiently waiting to see if Morgan and Schwab will give the money back.

It's a wise worm that stays under cover and deprives the early bird of his breakfast.

Beware of the man who never did anything wrong. There's a first time for everything.

An inch of rain seems to be about a foot long to the man who is caught in it without an umbrella.

It may be that matches are made only in Heaven, because the fire never goes out in the other place.

A city man never sees the sights at home until his rural relatives come along and point them out.

The shrinkage in stock values is small, however, compared to the shrinkage in the stature of some of the "magnates."

If the Amalgamated Copper people annoy Heinze much more he may put Montana in his pocket and go away on a vacation.

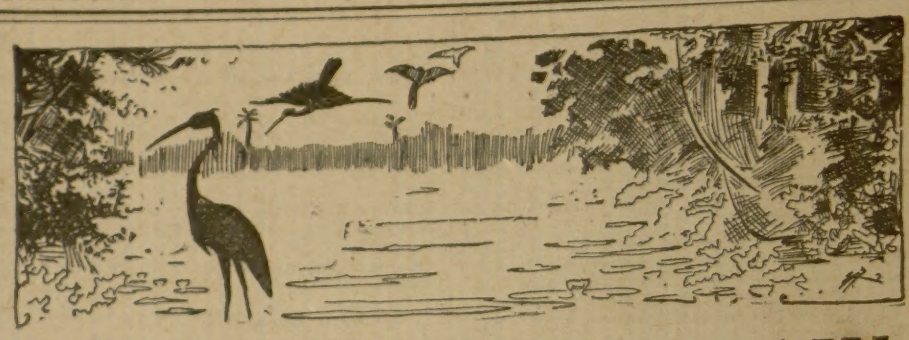
It's almost as difficult for a medium to predict what is going to happen as it is for a historian to record what has happened.

If we were to take Canada as a gift we should want to have a few acres of ice sawed off the northern end.

Montana miners must have childlike faith in the Legislature, as they want an extra session called to straighten out the mining troubles.

Kaiser Wilhelm should rest assured that, if he wishes to challenge, Uncle Sam will find as much pleasure in taking the cup away from him as from any one whom he happens just now to call to mind.

Not being able to find any other reason for the run on its banks, St. Louis naturally has resolved to blame it on Chicago financiers. It may be confidently expected that the final responsibility will be placed somehow upon the drainage-canal microbes.



THE MARK OF CAIN;

or, The Black Pride of the Countess of Barnchester.

BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD.

Begun in No. 43, Oct. 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

"Love is the root of creation; God's essence."

The boyish voice of the young Earl coeinued:

"You can comprehend how horrified I felt, for somehow I thought it a wrong done my father that another man had been my mother's husband, and more than that, nothing appeared to be known of it.

"Wild with unknown terrors, I returned home and told my mother. I can never forget the expression on her face. She rose, indignation written upon every feature, and took me to her apartments, and there showed me the record of her marriage with my father. There her name was given as Gertrude Stirling, widow of William Stirling, United States of America. She said that the sister had died shortly prior to her marriage, so that my notion was wrong; but, gentlemen, I knew my mother had not told me the truth, just by the tone of her voice. Why I am telling you all lthis, I do not know, but I must have some relief. I said nothing, but a breach has widened between us on account of her pride, which nothing will ever bridge, but her receiving of my sister, for I am certain that she lives."

Thomas Litchfield looked straight into the eyes of the Earl, as he said, slowly:

"You are speaking of the Countess?"

"Yes, unfortunately I am."

"Then, my boy, you are mistaken. She is one of the noblest of women. Take any of her statements, and all of them as gospel truth."

The dark head shook violently.

"Mother is very sweet and gentle, but she can be very harsh. There was something connected with that American marriage which I cannot understand. From an old servant living on the estate I learned that there was a sister; that she not only lived after the marriage, but until I was quite a boy, so that it is possible I remember her. She was taken away one day by her grandparents, whose name I cannot discover."

"Cannot discover their name?" King cried, in astonishment. "Truly, this was a strange tale."

"No; my mother utterly refuses to tell me her maiden name. My grandmother lived with us until I was perhaps seven years old, when she died; but she was always called Mrs. Stirling, and her remains were sent to New York for interment."

"Perhaps the name was Stirling," Litchfield suggested.

"No; for my mother was married under it. I cannot understand. You see, I have been a lonesome fellow, growing up in that old castle, and not allowed to go to college, and I am old for my years. When I attained my majority I told my mother I was coming to her native land, and she returned that she would come with me. I have made many acquaintances, a few friends, but my mother does not stir from her suite of rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria. Will you go and see her, Litchfield; perhaps she might listen to you?"

"Most certainly, but I feel very much put out by what you tell me, for I am sure you greatly wrong your mother. Mr. Wadsworth, you could think nothing wrong, or even mysterious of the lady, were you acquainted with the Countess of Barnchester," and Litchfield looked very much worried.

The Earl broke in, pacing back and forth, his thumbs in his trousers pockets, his hands hanging down:

"If I have in any way seemed to lack in due respect for my mother, I ought to be scourged. I love and revere her, but as I have often found her very obdurate in small things, unwilling to admit herself in the wrong, I with some of her spirit, perhaps, have brooded over the idea that a sister of mine may be in greatest trouble, wanting for even the necessities of life, while her brother is a man of rank, of great wealth, and almost unlimited power. I cannot sit down snugly in my fine castles, until I am convinced beyond any question that she is actually dead, or that happy home surroundings are hers. I must find out if I am to have any peace of mind. Will you help me?" and he impulsively held out his hands and looked from one to the other.

Both men responded frankly, and the three broke a bottle to celebrate their compact and while away the time until Stanley arrived.

"I've heard so much about your American women and their beauty; about the freedom and happiness of a courtship here, that I am curious. The ladies I have seen are very charming, but I have not become accustomed to their manner, you know," the young Earl remarked, as they were opening the second bottle. "However, let's drink to Love. I will give you a toast:

" 'To love, the root of creation; God's essence.' "

A glass fell crashing to the floor, and King said, angrily:

"Do not waste a toast upon such nonsense. Love is false as hell, as bitter as gall, as unstable as the shifting sands. Make all the love you wish, it can be forced; accept all the love given you, it can be bought, but never place any confidence in it, or exalt it, for it is but the vain, delusive will of the wisp, men follow to their own destruction. The fairer the face, the falser the heart; the more innocent the manner, the blacker the soul. God, man, trust anything else on this miserable earth except love, for the way to eternal damnation is paved with the false vows of still falser women."

"And are only women false," Litchfield's deep voice broke in. "Are we entirely free from reproach? You deal with one side, but there is the other. A woman is so helpless, so innocent, so trustful. She knows nothing of the great outside world."

"Do not believe it," King broke in. "The trail of the serpent is there, even in the most hidden places. His slimy mark is over all."

"No, man; not over all. You must have a mother, perhaps sisters. There are plenty of good, noble women in the world. Were this not so, our land would perish and decay, for it is our pure women who keep up the standard of morality in a nation. If there are too many otherwise, be sure, my friends, there are just as many men back of the first failure. Even the poor creatures of the street had a beginning. Perhaps it was this very love you speak of, upon which they are now such pitiful travesties, which brought about their present condition. Then even if everything else were even, just speaking of a woman whose heart is broken, whose trust in humanity is utterly destroyed, who can never love again because her heart is seared and torn, is she not worse off than a man who has been equally wronged? He has his distractions, but, she, poor, hapless thing, must live upon a past, grown hateful to her, and lets its memories eat into her very soul." Litchfield and Wadsworth were both standing now, and each seemed strangely interested.

"And does a man have no past to dwell upon? God, man, you do not know what love means. You have been frank with us, Barnchester, I will be equally so. For six months I have been doing everything within my power to kill those terrible memories, and tonight I am longing, almost perishing for a sound of that voice, a touch of her hand. Why," with a mirthless, bitter laugh, "unworthy as I know her to be, were I to see her before me right here, I believe I could forgive all, just to have her with me. Think of that, and see how low I have fallen. I would marry her right now, although for these six months while I have been endeavoring to forget, she has been living, God, I can scarcely say it, living with a man who has deserted his wife."

"Poor thing!" Litchfield said, softly.

"You pity her? Perhaps you, too, would forgive?" King cried, looking wildly at him, his eyes bloodshot.

"Not in the way you could," was the quiet answer, "for love, to my mind, is more a thing of mind than matter. Once a woman has lowered her moral standard, I could only give her unlimited pity, if she needed it, devotion and tenderness, but not love. If I knew she loved another, I know the love I felt would leave, because a woman I would call wife must not only belong to me until the end, but from the beginning, not only bodily but in spirit." Great beads were standing on his brow, and he leaned heavily against the massive lintel of the fireplace, as though he was personally interested.

"Yet, poor girl, perhaps I should not blame her too much for that," King continued, looking moodily at the floor, "for I think he ought to take care of her. He had the prior right, but I believed in her so I thought her purer than the angels in Heaven, and now," his voice broke, and he strode to a window and looked down into the street. Litchfield followed him and laid a firm hand upon his shoulder.

"Believe that she was while she knew you. Keep your memories of her sweet and clean; poor girl, she needs it now no doubt."

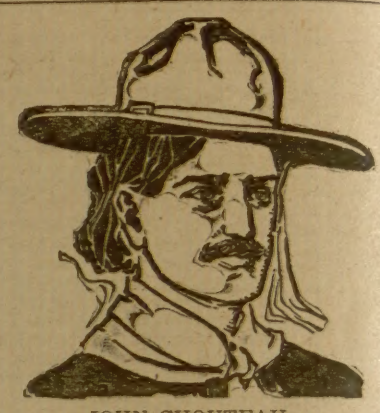
"But, man, that's just where it cuts so. She was unworthy my love before I ever knew her. All the time I thought her so good, so pure, so above earthly things, that I was afraid of startling the child, she, she—" and the young man looked straight ahead.

"I can say nothing," the other rejoined, slowly. "Only do not blame her too much for her present life."

"But, man alive, I would have married her and given her the devotion of a lifetime."

"She was not dishonest enough to deceive you any further, and as for her life now, can you present a very clean page?" and the steady eyes looked into the wild blue ones Clover had expressed so deep an admiration for.

"Oh, no, I'm going to the devil as fast as



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WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. L6, CHICAGO.

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an express train can carry me. I shall never marry. Never again will I put myself in a position where a woman can have the power to laugh at me. There are plenty whose charms, society and kisses can be had at a certain price. My connections with the other sex will be carried on according to this understanding. Amuse me, drive a certain face from before my eyes, and I will give you anything money can buy, or my check for any amount you care to name; but, man, man, they cannot do it, they cannot. Listen! Last night I was invited to attend a supper where the most celebrated woman of this class in the country was present. I had been mentioned to her as one easy to obtain, with a fortune of mammoth proportions. She is fascinating, beautiful, and exquisitely gowned. She is young, too, probably not much over twenty, and well versed in all the little wiles of her sex. We were left alone in a charming little nest; the air was heavy with costly flowers, and she looked like a rare exotic in their midst. Her beauty went to my head, for I am human, and trying so hard to forget, but as my arms closed about her and I bent to kiss her willing lips, a dear, lovely, pure face came in between, and eyes which held my eternal future, looked reproachfully into mine, and I pushed the woman away, and dashed from the house, to wander about the streets all night. Litchfield, where can my poor girl be tonight? I go to haunts of all kinds. My nights are never spent in bed, for I am looking. Barnchester, you are seeking, join me, for I am looking, too. This man will desert her, neglect her, and then I must be there to protect her and take her back to my heart, for in spite of all, she is still the one woman in all the world for me, and I would lay down my life for her this very moment."

Before the Earl could reply, Litchfield broke in:

"And I am looking for some one, only in my case it is a man. We three will join forces. I cannot confide in you two, for this story belongs to another; but we will search the world, if need be, to rescue those we love, and bring happiness into the lives of the ones who are suffering," and the three gripped hands with a force which was very convincing; then King said with his accustomed languid voice:

"Gentlemen, I think I see Mr. Stanley looking for us. Shall we go to join him; it is hardly time for our trip to the shrine of the goddess of chance."

CHAPTER XI.

"The more we love, the nearer we are to hate."

Two ladies sat by a dancing fire in a most beautiful room the same evening that three certain young men formed their compact of friendship, but both looking tired and worn, one from an illness which had nearly terminated her life, the other from a fever of a different nature which was eating away her very vitals.

"In spite of the luxuries of foreign life, I am very glad to be home again," the elder said, gently.

"Yes, Auntie Faith, but there is a dreadful sameness about it all. This winter will be so like last, and it just repeated the experiences of the one before that. Auntie, I envy those who have something to do. Why was I born rich with no occupation to keep my hands busy and my mind out of mischief," and the young girl sprang to her feet and stood before the gentle Mrs. Wadsworth, her face working, and her figure swaying in its trailing white gown of costly oriental texture.

In amazement, Mrs. Wadsworth raised her eyes to the younger ones. In them she saw the same strange, relentless spirit looking forth which had pained her in the days when Queenie was but a child.

"Something hurts my child," she said, gently, holding out her arms. "Come and tell me, dear."

The golden head reared itself, and turning, the girl walked across the room in the old queenly manner.

"My child, were you unhappy during our trip to Switzerland?"

"I am always unhappy, and always will be. What have I to make me happy, Auntie? Oh, I know, health, wealth and a beautiful home," a bitter laugh jarred on the perfumed air. "Ah, yes, I have these, but they cannot fill the void. I have no one to love me in all this world, no one I have to turn to," and the stately head was bowed and the little figure shaken with heart-broken sobs.

Mrs. Wadsworth rose hastily, and crossing the room, drew the little creature into her arms.

"Why, my little daughter," she cried, "how can you talk this way? No one to love you, when you have so devoted a mother and brother."

Queenie threw off the encircling arms.

"Yes, I have a mother and brother, but how have I been treated by them? Do you suppose I have ever forgotten, or that I can ever forgive? Think what it must be to a woman as proud as I to think that her father was the lowest of the low. I look in my glass and try to trace the resemblance, and, gracious heavens! sometimes succeed."

"Queenie, Queenie, how do you know what he looked like?"

"I have never told a living soul, but, Auntie, I found a picture of his among some things which had belonged to my mother, in the attic at my grandfather's. He was not bad to look upon, Auntie, but from him I get these coarse hands, a shifty look in my eyes. Auntie, Auntie, I am a degenerate; how can I help it? A child of such a marriage could only be corrupt."

A gentle voice stopped her.

"My child, all of us suffer for the wrong doing of others in the past, but by strong effort we can overcome much. You are nervous; something worries you. If you do not desire to go into society this winter we will go to Venice," said Mrs. Wadsworth, who had accidentally come across the name of the Countess and her son, and believed Queenie's outburst to come from that.

"Auntie, there can never be happiness for me again."

"Nonsense, dear. One of these days I will be called upon to give up my darling, and then she will learn what true happiness means," and the slightly faded face grew young again, as she thought of her own love dream.

"Marry, I marry, no, no, Auntie; I can never marry," with a choking sob.

"And why?"

"Because, because, ah, Auntie, haven't you seen, don't you know whom it is I love, fairly adore?"

A sweet smile lit up the mother's face, as she replied, gently:

"Why, King, of course."

"Yes, King," springing to her feet, and pacing back and forth. "King, for whom I would imperil every hope of Heaven and brave every horror of hell!"

"Queenie!"

"Yes, indeed, Auntie. You cannot understand such love as mine. It is grounded in my very being. Love! Why, I am mad with love. See how my pride is brought low, for, Auntie, King will never love me, never, never," and she broke down in such a passion of weeping that the lady was terrorized.

"He must love you, living with you all these years. I have been sure of it, and I think he will tell you so this winter. Probably he would have done so if I had not been ill. This winter by himself has broken the boy down a little, for I do not think he looks as happy as he used to, but I suppose my boy is growing into a man. I have always thought of you as his wife."

A hard smile curled the vivid lips.

"He has not. Auntie, I love him so, that I almost hate him. Can you think of such a thing? Love a man so that you could do him bodily harm unless he return the love? Oh, Auntie, why did they let me live? Poor, miserable little spawn of a sordid, low marriage, why was I not killed before I breathed a breath of the life which has been so bitter and cruel?"

Mrs. Wadsworth looked almost worried to death, and her hands trembled as she said, wearily:

"My child, I do not understand you. I am frightened about you and shall speak to King."

A wild cry rung across the air, as Queenie came dragging herself upon her knees across the room.

"Auntie, never do that, unless you wish to find me dead the next moment. Oh, my lost love for whom I have done and dared everything, is there nothing which will touch your heart, nothing, nothing?" and with a low, mournful wail, she dropped in a dead faint at her adopted mother's feet, while her own mother was that moment recalling the days of a quarter of a century past, and wishing with all her heart that she had not made this voyage.

CHAPTER XII.

"Love is of heavenly birth, but turns to
death on touching earth."

"If you are expecting to see anything very exciting, boys, I warn you that you will be disappointed."

"No excitement? No pretty women? Nothing to amuse?" asked the Earl, laughing, as the carriage drew up before a very respectable looking house, with closed windows.

"Nothing worth looking at, Barnchester," King Wadsworth replied, coolly, and neither noticed the start the driver gave as he held the door, for four such well-dressed gentlemen were not usual fares.

Litchfield did notice him, for he seemed to notice everything almost without looking, while Stanley replied:

"Well, well, we will believe you after we have felt the tiger's claws."

The four mounted the steps, and pushing open the outer door, disappeared into the house.

It was raining steadily, but the man sitting on his seat, holding his horses, waiting for his fares, did not seem to notice it. His face was swollen and bleared, his eyes glazed, his figure bent, and yet he was one of the best cab drivers in the city. Honest Tim he was known, and few there were who remembered that he had been anything else, few except himself.

"Barnchester, Barnchester," he kept whispering to himself. "Too young for her husband, too old for her son, but perhaps there's others of the name."

"Now, which will you take, boys, or do you want to play the whole establishment?" King said, as they entered a beautifully decorated hallway, connecting the front room with the dining room.

"Let me see your roulette wheel," the Earl said, as none of the others appeared specially interested, but after watching it for a few moments, he whispered to Stanley:

"I don't comprehend. Why, the spaces are not on the square."

King, who had been playing black steadily, overheard him, and laughed.

"The American wheel has two zeros, that is all. Just twice as much risk," he continued, tossing a roll of bills down and taking up his chips without counting them. The Earl and Stanley followed his example, and soon all three were playing carelessly, while Litchfield stood by with his hands in his pockets, but looking at the faces about the table, rather than at the game.

"I say, chaps, this is a blessing, bally game," the Earl said, with a laugh. "Wadsworth and I are being played for a good thing."

"Believe you are. Here goes, hello! one can beat even the American double zeros."

"And be beat by them," King laughed, as his chips were swept away.

"Litchfield is not playing," he observed a few moments just after sustaining a loss so heavy as to make his companions wonder, with the utmost sang froid.

"Where is he?" Stanley asked, pocketing his gains, and not being adverse to leaving before chance turned her fickle face away from him.

"We must find him," King replied, turning away, with the same bored expression on his handsome face.

"In there you will find plenty to eat and drink, except champagne, all on the house. If you want any fizz, order it, and I'll settle; you are my guests. Go on in," motioning toward the dining room, "and I'll look up our friend," and before the others could remonstrate, he lost himself in the crowd.

"He seems very, very blase," the Earl said, quietly, "but I suppose a man with a broken heart has but little pleasure in all this."

Stanley looked at him a minute, then said, hastily:

"A man with a broken heart?"

"I beg your pardon, and his, too. Pray forget that I have spoken."

"I'm his friend," Stanley replied, quietly, "and could remember nothing to reflect upon him. It's enough to sicken one to see how he is changed. If it is due to some woman, she ought to be tarred and feathered, but then if she's a nice figure, I suppose a woman who would throw a man like King down wouldn't object. Bah! it makes me sick of the whole sex. Vain, silly little cats," and the young man drained his glass fiercely.

In the meanwhile King mingled with the crowd, looking for Litchfield in a half-hearted sort of a way, thinking of Clover, as he always did, no matter where he happened to be.

"Such love as mine could not last," he thought. "Yet how could any one less good than I thought her, have inspired it? Did I wrong her?" Throwing himself upon one of the easy seats, he took a leather book from his pocket, and secured two papers, both creased and worn. Opening the first he read it over twice, and as he did so, the whole scene came back to him, and he could see the wind playing with the delicate tendrils of her hair, and hear her voice. Then he opened the other.

"I did deceive you so, so much, but, King, my poor boy, he has the first claim: forgive me, forgive me, one which is two years old, and I really belong to him. . . . Forgive, oh, forgive me, for I need it so much."

He folded both papers and replaced them in his pocketbook.

"No; I have not misjudged her. Yet, Clover, darling, if I could find you, I would forgive everything."

Then the face grew very thoughtful.

"Could I? Is not Litchfield right? Could I ever forget that some one else had taken her from me? Oh, God! could I get her back? I certainly will have to give up this mooning, or my reason will leave me. Where is that fellow?" and throwing back his shoulders, King tramped about the place, looking for his new-found friend. At last he was discovered, bending over the shoulder of a boy, scarcely eighteen, who was already the worse for liquor, losing constantly, and yet continuing to buy chips with a seemingly endless pile of bank bills.

This charming story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. Every subscriber is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Buckboard Gone Wrong.

A party of business men in the office of Henry Clews was discussing the automobile while the stocks went tumbling. The banker took part in the conversation to recall a recent incident at Newport. While one of the elderly natives was inspecting one of the newer forms of a motor which stood at the curb, Mr. Clews asked: "Well, what would you call it?"

"That," replied the old man, solemnly, "is the late lamented buckboard died and gone to eternal punishment."

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HAPPY DAYS

When Friends Say "How Well You Look."

What happy days are those when all our friends say "How well you look."

We can bring those days by a little care in the selection of food just as this young man did.

"I had suffered from dyspepsia for three years and last summer was so bad I was unable to attend school," he says; "I was very thin and my appetite at times was poor while again it was craving. I was dizzy and my food always used to ferment instead of digesting. Crossness, unhappiness and nervousness were very prominent symptoms.

"Late in the summer I went to visit a sister and there I saw and used Grape-Nuts. I had heard of this famous food before but never was interested enough to try it, for I never knew how really good it was. But when I came home we used Grape-Nuts in our household all the time and I soon began to note changes in my health. I improved steadily and am now strong and well in every way and am back at school able to get my lessons with ease and pleasure and can remember them, too, for the improvement in my mental power is very noticeable and I get good marks in my studies which always seemed difficult before.

"I have no more of the bad symptoms given above but feel fine and strong and happy and it is mighty pleasant to hear my friends say: 'How well you look.'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

An Awkward Mistake.

Citiman—If there is anything I hate, it's a little bit of a village where the shopkeepers spend half the time loafing around outside waiting for customers.

Friend—What's the objection?

"I took a house for the summer in a place like that, and moved there yesterday. In the afternoon I went out for provisions, and seeing a man standing in the doorway of a small grocery, I told him I would like to see his hams."

"Well?"

"He wasn't the grocer. He was the manager of a traveling minstrel show."

Already Fixed for Life.

The heiress is struggling in the cruel waves. Seeing an athletic person on the beach, and knowing that he is a good swimmer, we say to him, "Why do you not plunge in and rescue her?"

"Because," he answers, carelessly tossing the sand with his cane; "because I am already engaged to another heiress."

We resumed our walk, regretting that the conventionalities insist upon matrimony between the rescuer and the rescued. Truly, our social fabric needs a change.

Effect of Good Training.

"It's not a hardship to attend church," said Rev. X. Horter. "If a youth is trained to keep the Sabbath you'll find as he grows older he'll enjoy it."

"That's so," replied the unregenerate Mr. Hardkase. "They made me keep the Sabbath when I was a boy and now I put in all my time enjoying it."

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Case of Hard Luck.

Irate Guest (to waiter)—Look here, didn't I order a Swiss cheese sandwich?

Polite Waiter—Yes, sir; and there it is.

Irate Guest—There's two slices of bread, but can you find any cheese on them?

Polite Waiter—I'm sorry, sir, the cheese is there all right, sir; only—you happened to hit on one of the holes.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.

Couldn't Stand That.

Minks—What fad is your wife following now?

Winks—She is organizing anti-suffrage associations.

Minks—Humph! I thought she was in favor of woman suffrage.

Winks—She was, but I told her one day, in a joke, that Congress was going to compel all women to vote.

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A Step Onward.

Hospital Nurse—These new patent fire-escapes are great blessings.

Hospital Doctor—Indeed, they are. It is much easier to cure fractures than burns.

Deeply Interested.

Bachelor Brother—What are you women working at now?

Mrs. Finemind—We are organizing an Anti-Baby-Kissing Society.

Bachelor Brother—Glorious! Let me join?

Persistent Trouble.

One time an office went out to seek a man.

It sought and it sought and it sought, but seemed utterly unable to find him.

At last it sat down by the wayside to rest, when, lo! and behold! up came the man it had been looking for and took it.

For the man had been chasing the office all the while it had been seeking him.

This fable teaches us that while we are hunting trouble it may be hunting us.

Cause of His Dislike.

Dodgers—Let's cross over. There comes a man I don't care to meet.

Rodgers—What's he ever done to you?

"Oh, nothing, except he stuck a knife into me once, about two years ago."

"Whew! And didn't you ever get even with him?"

"Never did; that's the trouble. It was a surgical operation, and the bill is still unpaid."

Londoners Unearth a Fraud.

Editor—Where did you work last?

Applicant—I was on a London paper.

"What did you do?"

"Wrote editorials on American affairs."

"Why did you leave?"

"Discharged."

"What for?"

"They found out that I had lived in the United States long enough to know something about it."

A Poser.

Foreigner—Is this what you call a popular government?

American (proudly)—Yes, sir.

Foreigner—Then why is it that your high officials are always so unpopular?

Cured to Stay Cured.

Mrs. S. T. Roberts, Clinton, La., sent a postal card request for a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine to Drake Formula Company, Drake Block, Chicago, Ill., and received it promptly by return mail without expense to her. Mrs. Roberts writes that the trial bottle of this wonderful Palmetto Medicine proved quite sufficient to completely cure her. She says: "One trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine has cured me after months of intense suffering. My trouble was Inflammation of Bladder and serious condition of Urinary organs. Drake's Palmetto Wine gave me quick and entire relief and I have had no trouble since using the one trial bottle."

Drake's Palmetto Wine cures every such case to stay cured. It is a true unfailing specific for Liver, Kidney, Bladder and Prostate Troubles caused by Inflammation, Congestion or Catarrh. When there is Constipation, Drake's Palmetto Wine produces a gentle and natural action of the bowels and cures Constipation immediately, to stay cured. One small dose a day does all this splendid work and any reader of the Chicago Ledger may prove it by writing to Drake Formula Company, Drake Block, Chicago, Ill., for a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine. It is free, and cures. A letter or postal card is your only expense.

Could't Control the Sun.

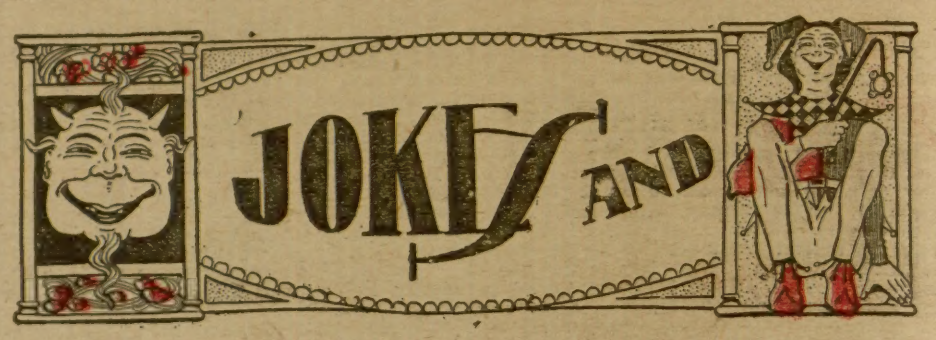
Mother—How often have I told you, Tommy, that you should never let the sun go down on your anger?

Tommy—I can't help it, mother. I ain't no Joshua.

Willie's Bedtime.

"Pa, if a warship is called 'she,' why isn't it a woman-of-war?"

Father—It's your bedtime, Willie.



A Difference of Opinions.

He—That was Miss McKueen who just passed. She has such a regal way of walking, don't you think?

She—Yes; you could tell her a mile away by that silly wriggle of hers.

Luring Him On.

Old Boarder—How does it happen that you gave that man the tenderloin and me the tough end?

Waiter Girl—He ain't decided to stay yet.

A Reasonable Plea.

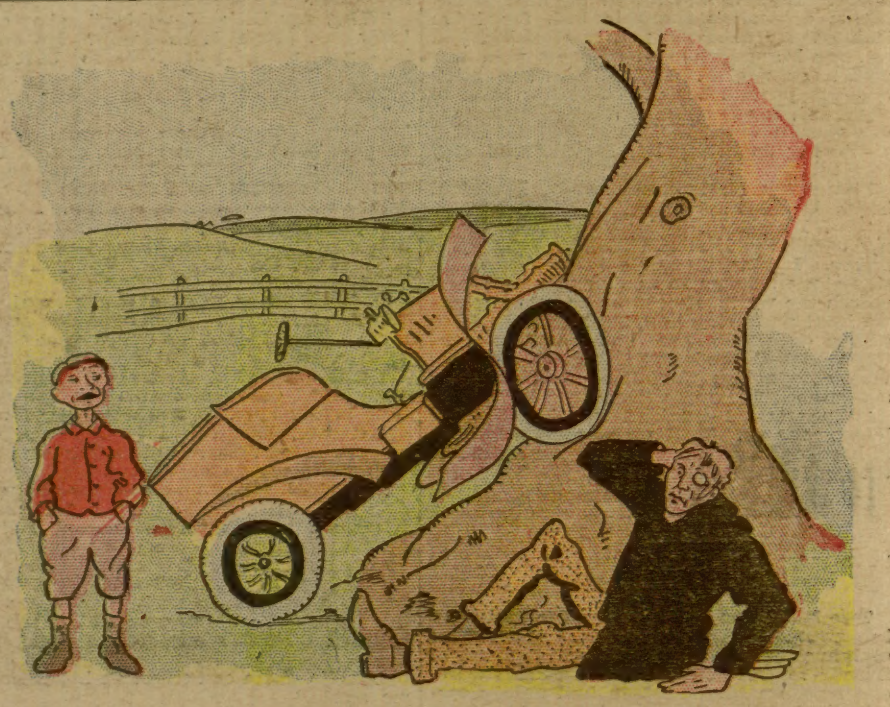
Judge—Why do you wish to be relieved from your duty?

Citizen—I wear a gold watch, and I don't like the looks of three or four of the fellows you have already accepted.

What Grumpps Never Saw.

Mr. Grumpps—What boobies women are—always crying at weddings!

Mrs. Grumpps—You never saw women crying at a divorce, did you?



Boy—Say, mister; you ain't allowed to run them machines up trees aroun' here.

Jack's Point of View.

George—Youngchapp must be crazy. He has married a widow with a family of children.

Jack—Not so crazy as you think. He has moved into a street with a trolley line on it.

One Word Quite Enough.

Rev. Mr. Goodley—Of course, Willie, you believe there is such a place as hell?

Willie Kase—Yes, sir; that's what pa says, anyhow.

Rev. Mr. Goodley—What did he say about it?

Willie Kase—He doesn't say anything about it. He just says it.

Ancient Mariner—'Ave I ever seen an aurora borealis? Why, I've shot dozens of 'em.

In a Predicament.

"What a nice luncheon!" said the guest.

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother and the girls say it is all right."

"But you aren't enjoying it."

"No; I'm a little embarrassed. I've been standing over here trying to figure out which are the edibles and which are the decorations."

AGENTS WANTED

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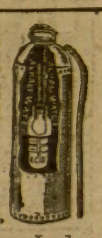

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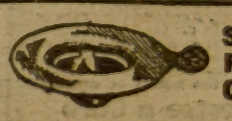

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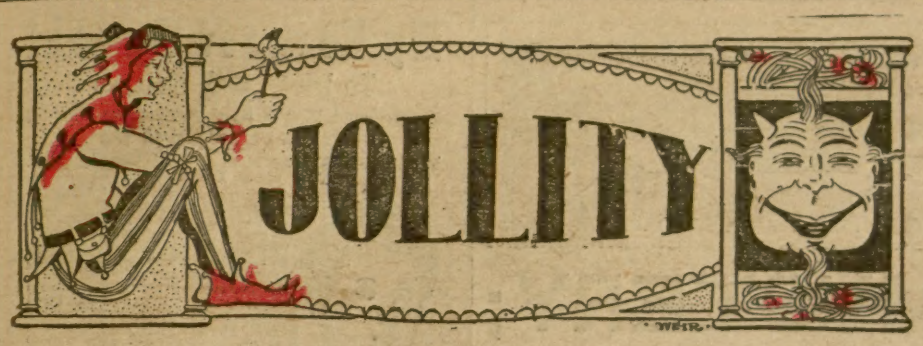


At the Wee Suma' Hour.

"Just think," said Mr. Staylate, "this is the first time I've seen you in nearly two months."

"Yes," replied Miss Bord, suppressing a yawn.

"Did—er—any one call on you last night?"

"Last night?" she repeated, ostentatiously glancing at the clock. "No one but you."

New Reading of the Initials.

Apostle Reed Smoot (senator-elect from Utah)—What is the meaning of those letters, W. C. T. U., used by those women who I see are going to object to me taking my seat?

Another Mormon (meditatively)—From the way the women are acting it looks like they might mean Women Can't Trust Us.

Not a True Sportsman.

First Chauffeur—Puffer ought to be put out of the auto club. He's no true sportsman.

Second Chauffeur—Why, what's the matter with Puffer?

First Chauffeur—He runs down people promiscuously without ever tooting his horn. A regular pot-hunter.

The Newest School.

Patron—Can you tell what ails my wife?

Doctor—She does not take enough outdoor exercise.

"She does not feel like it."

"True; she needs toning up."

"What have you prescribed?"

"A new bonnet."

She Might Succeed.

Proud Mother—Did my daughter sing for you?

Opera Manager—Yah.

Proud Mother—Do you think she could succeed on the stage?

Opera Manager—Bossibly—eef giffen a bart mit no zinging in it.

Not to be Fooled.

Domestic—Where shall I take this prescription, mum?

Mrs. Sharpeye—Anywhere except to Pillbox & Co.'s. Their goods are not fresh. I bought a postage stamp of them yesterday, and it was last year's issue.

At a Reception.

Host—That is Professor Dryasdust, the great scientist.

Guest (up to the times)—What novel has he written?

Regular Thing.

Congressman C. H. Grosvenor of Ohio, returning from Europe, says that while he was a guest of Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle he "saw the millionaire swimming in a pool." Nothing remarkable in that. Every millionaire that is "in the swim" usually is to be found in some kind of a pool.

Anticipation vs. Experience.

Old Gentleman—Do you think, sir, that you are able to support my daughter without continually hovering on the verge of bankruptcy?

Suitor—Oh, yes, sir; I am sure I can.

Old Gentleman—Well, that's more than I can do. Take her and be happy.

Always of the Same Mind.

"She refused him eight times before finally saying 'yes.'"

"Why did she change her mind?"

"She didn't. She was merely learning if he would change his."

He Got a Blessing.

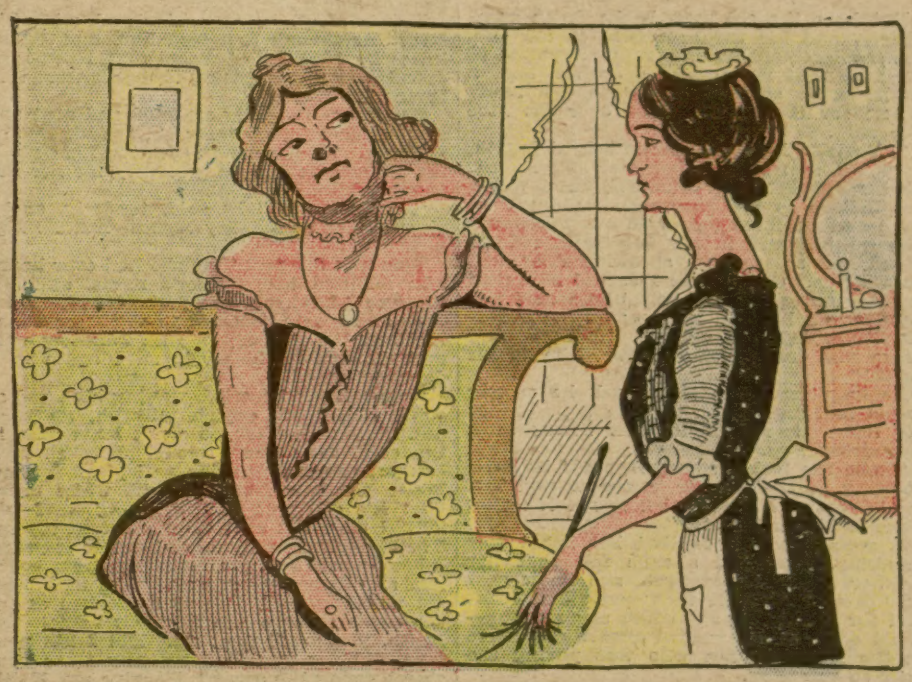
Algy—So you asked old Jones for his daughter's hand. What did he say?

Ferdy—He said: "Take her and let me be happy.'

Too Practical.

Bess—Why did you break off your engagement with Jack?

Nell—I asked him to guess my age—and he did.



Madam—You may go; you are not what you were recommended.
Maid—Oh, madam!
Madam—You are not ugly.

Too Dearly Bought.

"De man dat has to learn by experience," said Uncle Eben, "is gener'ly so near broke when he gits his information dat he can't use it."

Cautious to a Degree.

Miss Elderly—You mustn't believe all you hear.

Mr. Malaprop—I don't! Nor half I say.

Only a Dream.

Wife—I dreamed last night that I was in a store that was just full of the loveliest bonnets and——

Husband (hastily)—But that was only a dream, my dear.

Wife—I knew it was before I woke up, because you bought me one.

Knew Her Visitor.

She—Mrs. Boreton called today and I thought she'd never go.

He—But you are so amiable I suppose you never gave her the slightest hint that you wanted her to go?

She—Indeed, I did not. If I had she'd be here now.

Avoiding Temptation.

Cholly—Quick! This way! Here comes my tailor!

Algy—I nevah knew you to dodge your tailor before.

Cholly—Yaas; but this time I have money and might be tempted to pay him.

A Place to Avoid.

Mrs. Lakeside—What a nest of human misery Canada must be!

Mr. L.—In what way?

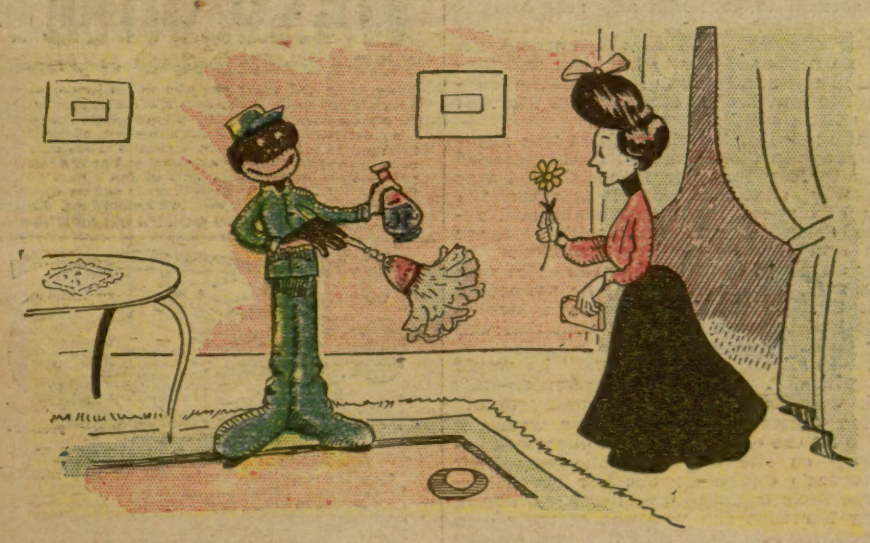
Mrs. L.—The papers say that in twenty years the courts there have granted only one hundred and sixteen divorces.

Serious Oversight.

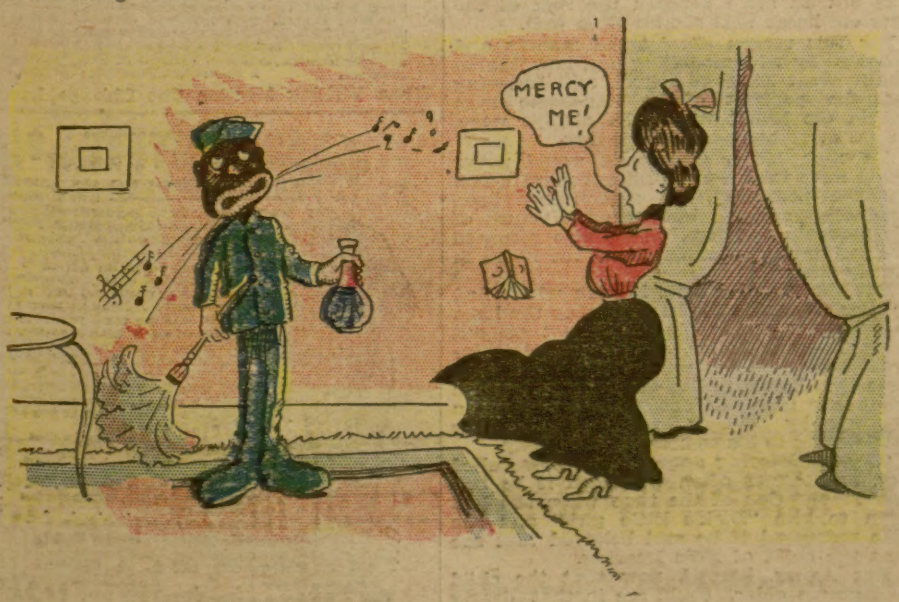
There was a great disturbance among the elephants on the ark.

"Why are they kicking up such a row?" queried the lion.

"Oh, Noah forgot to bring along any peanuts," elucidated the leopard.



1. Mistress—James, who was that out here with you? I was sure I heard two of you whistling "Hiawatha."



2. No'm; dat was me yo' heard! Ah got sich er big mouf Ah kin play duets like dis!

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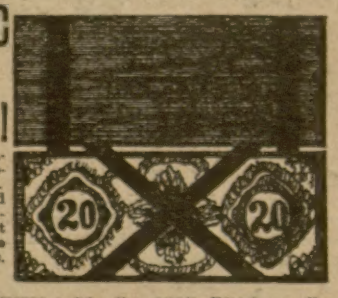

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Exonerated.

Mayme—Jimmy de messenger boy kissed me six times at de strawberry festival last night.

Gertie—Gee! An' yet dey say messenger boys are slow.

Too Rich to Be Cross-eyed.

Tate—Oh, no, Miss Mintner is not cross-eyed, but she is only affected by strabismus.

Brady—Well, what's the difference, pray?

Tate—Man alive! Aren't you aware that Miss Mitner's father is a rich man?

Sad.

Newsboy—Buy a paper, boss. A musician fell off an "L" car.

Bystander (excitedly)—Any bones broken?

Newsboy—Yes; a trom-bone.

A Brother's Stupidity.

Brother—Why all this talk about divided skirts for bicycling? Can't you girls ride in ordinary dresses?

Sister—The idea! Ordinary dresses would not attract any attention at all.

Erroneous Deduction.

Professor Biograph—Ah, here we have a pure unsophisticated Indian. How queer it must seem to be totally ignorant of civilized pleasures!

Chief Rawhide—Ugh! Gimme chaw terbacker an' hear big chief sing "Hiawatha."

How It Happened.

"How did you happen to let this headline, 'The Bottleship Kentucky,' go through?" asked the editor.

"The oversight was due to an association of ideas," explained the proofreader.

BORN IN MYSTERY;

Or, The Heiress of Claremont Hall.

By Libbie Sprague Phillips.

Begun in No. 42, Oct. 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

PART V.

But here the old man broke down completely, and for the first time in her life, Agnes Claremont became fully convinced of the fact that her father, after all, had a tender spot somewhere within his stony heart; for the tears poured over his face like rain.

"I accused him," he continued, at length, "accused him of stealing and selling his mother's locket. He denied it, but I would not believe in his innocence, although he wept and implored me to do so. I believed him guilty, and in my grief and rage, I called him a low-born, sneaking thief, and cursed him. Oh, Agnes! I cursed him with a bitter curse which I told him would follow him all his life, as I would never forgive him. Then I opened the door and drove him from home—drove him to his death!"

As he uttered the last word, he sprang to his feet and began to pace the floor, at the same time wringing his hands in a despairing way.

"Take the locket away, Agnes!" he said, pointing to the drawer where it still lay. "It is yours. I never wish to see it again. Take it from my sight!"

It seemed to Agnes that her heart was breaking. She had always felt that her brother had been wronged, she knew now how deep and deadly that wrong had been; and for a moment she could say nothing—could only sit in horrified silence and stare at the frenzied man who was pacing the floor so excitedly.

Then by degrees a feeling of pity crept into her heart for him. His life would henceforth be filled with remorse and agony; she knew that; and rousing herself at length, she went to his side and, linking her arm within his, she tried, by gentle words, to soothe his awful grief.

"You will make yourself ill, papa, if you grieve like this. Your face is flushed and burning already, and I know your head must ache. Let me——"

"Ache!" he interrupted. "My God! Agnes! it is bursting with the awful thought of what I have done. I shall never know peace nor rest again—never! You told me once that my cruelty darkened the years of your childhood and sent your mother to an early grave. Did it, Agnes? Was I harsh and stern and tyrannical, and—but I was. I see it all now, all the fearful mistakes of my life; and a vision of what life might have been rises before me and mocks my bitter despair—a loving wife, dutiful children and a happy home—Heaven-sent blessings, but I destroyed them all—all—all! Nothing remains of them but a haunting memory! Oh, Agnes! hear that rushing, roaring sound! What is it? It is the dark waters of the River of Death on which my loved ones were borne away? It is—it is! See them floating past me with an accusing look on their white, dead faces! Oh, my God!"

He had, while speaking, sunk down upon the couch to which Agnes had led him, and she, now thoroughly alarmed for his reason, twined her arms around his neck and laid her face over against his own; then, for the first time since she could remember, she pressed a kiss upon his brow.

"Kisses!" he murmured, with a choking sob. "Ah, but the curses will come! The curses will come!"

"Don't, papa; do not talk so wildly! I can feel only pity for you now. Yes; and love," she added, as she gently stroked his face. "I would have loved you all my life if you had only let me. You have done wrong, terribly wrong, but God will forgive you, as Dick did before he died!"

"What is that? Dick forgave me? Say that again, Agnes! Tell me, how do you know?"

Then Agnes told him of the letter which he had written to her and which she had cherished all these years, repeating the words which it contained: "If my father ever learns that I was innocent of the great crime of which he accused me, then, but not till then, tell him that I forgave him before I died."

He shivered as though an icy blast had swept over him.

"And, you, Agnes, can you forgive—you, who loved poor Dick so well?"

"I, too, forgive you. Oh, papa!"

And Agnes let her head fall heavily upon the couch beside her father. She could not understand the feeling that had come over her. All her life she had stood in awe of him; for many years she had harbored within her heart a feeling of resentment and bitterness and anger on account of the way in which he had treated her brother. And now she had learned for a certainty that Dick had been wronged and terribly wronged, and instead of the bitter feeling being strengthened by this discovery, the sight of her father's pitiful sorrow had swept it all away and a feeling of tenderest pity had taken its place. She had often grieved in the past because she did not love him as she thought she should, she knew now that love had been in her heart all the while, the natural love that a child has for its parent; it had needed but the deep voice of penitence to call it forth in all its tenderness.

And as hour after hour she sat there by the couch trying to soothe the awful agony of the wretched man, he, too, realized the mightiness of love's power and the sweetness of love's forgiveness.

But he kept beating his head with his hands as though it pained him, and Agnes knew by his flushed face and blood-shot eyes that many accusing thoughts were torturing his brain.

She became greatly alarmed and sent one of the servants for their old friend, Doctor Deering. Then as she again took her place by his side he begged piteously for her not to leave him.

"My little girl," he said, tenderly, as he clasped her hand. My Agnes—Edith's Agnes!"

This was the first time she had ever heard him mention her mother's name, and she knew that his heart had been deeply stirred; then as his mind seemed to dwell for a moment on the memory of that long-lost wife and mother, he began to rave again in a delirious way.

"Oh, Edith!" he cried, waving his hand at some imaginary object. "Edith, go back and stay with Dick. Do not leave him in the cold, dark grave alone. I killed him, but your forgiving spirit will plead for me. Brush the hair from his cold, white brow. See! it's all wet and dripping and—oh, Edith! close his eyes, they stare at me so! They have followed me all these long years. I have seen them gazing at me from every leaf and flower—Dick's eyes with that wistful pleading look, just as he looked at me the night I drove him from his home! Oh, Edith, you loved me once. Did I kill your love, did my wretched tyranny wear your sweet young life away? Forgive me, Edith, and—oh, stretch out your loving arms and fold them around our boy! See how the waters close around him! He is sinking—sinking—he cannot rise—the curses that I heaped upon him kept him down!"

Thus he raved until near midnight, when Doctor Deering arrived, and even he found it a difficult task to soothe his wild despair. But, with the aid of drugs, they finally succeeded in getting him to sleep, thus causing him to forget for a while the grief that had so suddenly come upon him.

In after-years Agnes often wondered how she ever lived through the dark days that followed, for there were times when she feared that in the end, her father would be a hopeless maniac.

He became seriously ill, and in his delirium raved continually of what he termed "the mistakes of his life." The only thing that seemed to give him any real comfort was the society of little Marian. He asked for her one day, and as she entered the room he motioned her to his side, and laying his hand gently upon her head, he murmured, in low, broken tones: "Poor Marian! Dick's little girl!"

To the mind of the child, there was nothing strange in these words, but they caused Agnes to fear that her father's mind was hopelessly shattered, for long after the fever had spent itself, his brain still remained clouded and filled with strange ideas and imaginations. Sometimes he really appeared to think that the child was, as he said, Dick's little girl; he seemed to think that, in the past, Dick and Marian Blake had been married and that this was their child.

"She is all that Dick left me," he would say, pitifully, except his forgiveness—this child, with Dick's wistful, pleading eyes!"

Often Agnes would think how wrong it was to let the child grow to womanhood believing, as she did, that she was Dick Claremont's daughter; but her great love for the little orphan made her shrink from telling her that she was not of their own kindred, for she knew that it would greatly grieve the sensitive heart to know that she had no real claims upon them, that she was but an alien beneath the roof of the dear old home that she loved so well.

For this reason she let the months and years go by without telling her, and Marian finally went away to school, still believing that the portrait of the handsome man within the locket which she always wore, was that of her own dear father.

Although Major Claremont would never again have the strong, brilliant mind which he once possessed, his reason had been gradually restored; but with the return of his reasoning powers, there also returned the inclination to dream away the hours in moody silence.

But the love for little Marian which had sprung up within his heart during the long, sad months of his illness did not die out when he grew better, and it seemed to increase as the years went by; and the only time that he seemed to take any interest in what was going on around him was when she was by his side, reading to him or ministering to his comfort in some way.

"My ministering angel," he now called her, and Agnes often wondered if he had any recollection of the time when she had been to him "Dick's little girl," and she also wondered if he still believed that she was the child of Ellis Deering.

But Agnes, herself, now that the child had grown older, could see in that dearly loved face a wonderful resemblance to the Claremont family that puzzled her greatly

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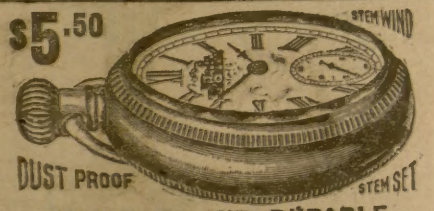

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Sometimes Marian would turn to her with a slow uplifting of those glorious eyes that would bring her brother's face before her mind in a startling way.

But she believed that the idea which Mrs. Blake had expressed explained it all—that Marian Blake, with her dead lover's face constantly in her mind, had stamped his image upon the face of her child. This idea caused her to love the memory of the dead Marian more devotedly than ever, and the low mound in which she slept, dishonored by all save Agnes and the child, was by them tended with loving care, and when it was finally decided that Marian was to be sent to a distant school to finish her education, she bore with her a bunch of fragrant flowers which she had gathered from her mother's grave.

Marian appeared strangely nervous as the time drew near for her to go.

"I know nothing of the world into which I am going," she said, "and, oh, Auntie, I have been so happy here at home with you!"

"That is just it, Marian; living as we do, such a secluded life, you know nothing whatever of life outside of home. You are coming to an age now, when your heart will begin to crave for sympathetic friends and loving companions, and in order to choose your friends wisely, you should have a certain knowledge of the world. True, the governess who has always conducted your studies could still continue to do so, but in order to acquire the knowledge of social life which you should possess, it is necessary that you should go and fit yourself to fill your rightful place in the world."

Her rightful place!

As Agnes Claremont uttered these words there again flashed through her mind the remembrance of what her rightful place might be, and again she shrank from the thought that Marian should ever learn the bitter truth.

"All right, Auntie," Marian answered, as she kissed the face of the woman who had been more than a mother to her. "I will study hard, and some day I mean to be a glorious credit to the Claremont name."

Agnes trembled. Would there come a time when that name would be taken from her; when a name shamed, disgraced and dishonored, would take its place and bring to her a load of misery and woe?

After Marian was gone, life at Claremont Hall was very dull, indeed. The Major missed the child on whom he had learned to depend for comforting words and loving attentions, and became more silent and moody than ever. He would sit for hours at a time staring from the window with a dreamy, thoughtful look on his face, and Agnes often wondered if his thoughts were busy with the past and its dreadful mistakes, or whether his mind had gone out to the unknown world to which he seemed to be hastening.

For his stalwart form had become bent, his step was feeble and slow, and his once handsome face was deeply seamed with lines of grief; while remorse had quenched the light that once flashed from his piercing eyes and made them lusterless and dim.

Nor had the sixteen years which had now passed since Ellis Deering went away left the sweet face of Agnes unchanged. For the bright, happy animated look which it had worn in her youthful days, had given place to one of sorrowful resignation, and the tears which had often been shed at the midnight hour when she should have been sleeping had washed and faded the roses from her cheeks.

She had long since given up all hopes of ever seeing Ellis Deering again; and even his poor old uncle had come to believe that he was dead, as, during all these long years, no word had ever come to him from the boy he had loved so dearly.

About this time his widowed sister, who had always lived in a distant state, died, leaving one daughter of about twenty years of age. As the young lady was now alone in the world, he wrote to her begging that she would come and make her home with him, and she gladly acceded to his proposal.

Lottie Sherwood was a beautiful girl, educated, refined and accomplished, and her presence brightened the home of the lonely old man who had never had any one, since Ellis left him, to minister to his wants but hired servants.

But dearly as he grew to love her, she soon learned that there was a place in the old man's heart sacred to the memory of Ellis Deering which she could never fill. He would sit for hours and talk to her of the handsome, light-hearted boy who had once gladdened the old home and who had left him so mysteriously, and she, listening, knew that from his heart, there would always go out a yearning cry for the wanderer. He also told her of the lonely girl who had spent her youth in waiting for his return.

She first met Agnes Claremont at the village church and her sad, sweet face interested her greatly. Later when she come to know her, a warm friendship sprang up between them which soon ripened into sisterly love.

"Be very kind to your uncle, Lottie," Agnes said to her one day. "All my life I have known him and have loved him in much the same way that I love my father. You are his only living relative; you are, therefore, to be mistress of the home where I once expected to reign, and I would have you be to him, in a measure, what I would have been. Comfort him and cheer his lonely life all you can."

And to this young girl, Agnes, for the first time told the whole story of her darkened, disappointed life, and after having told her of Marian and of the disgrace that was probably attached to her name, she imagined that her heart felt lighter, now that she had shared her secret with some one

"And sixteen years of your life have been spent in solitude and loneliness," remarked Lottie Sherwood, after having heard Agnes' story, "with no distractions of any sort; no balls, no parties, no congenial friends; nothing to fill your life but the dreary grandeur of this grand old home, and nothing to feed your mind upon but memories of a happy past and thoughts of a sorrowful future. I wonder that you have borne it!"

"You forget," Agnes replied, "that I had Marian.

And the ring of tenderness in her voice as she uttered that name told Lottie how dear the child Marian had been to the lonely woman who had cared for her, and she, herself, felt a longing desire to know this girl whose birth was so enveloped in mystery.

But the two years which Marian was to spend at school soon passed away, and one bright June day the loving, impulsive, innocent child who had left them with a nervous dread of the world and of worldly ways, came home, now grown into a beautiful young lady, well schooled in society's ways, and with an air about her of perfect ease and self-possession.

But as, after having greeted Agnes, she gave her a playfully searching look and said: "You are just as handsome as ever, Auntie, but a few wrinkles have come into your forehead which give your face a serious look," Agnes knew that the frank, open nature which had characterized her as a child was still unchanged, and rejoiced that this was so.

And the old Major, as he took within his own the two little hands that were outstretched to him, and looked down into the liquid depths of those haunting eyes that were once again raised to his face with that slow, uplifted gaze which carried his memory back so many years, felt the old creepy feeling come over him again that a ghostly presence was somewhere hovering near. And as his eyes were slowly turned from her face to the portrait of poor Dick which was hanging near them, Agnes knew what memories the sight of Marian's face, which had grown to resemble more greatly than ever the pictured face upon the wall, had awakened within the old man's breast; and she wondered if her father had ever formed any idea as to what accounted for the strange resemblance.

Marian's home-coming brought a complete change to the daily routine at Claremont Hall, and the servants who had long complained of the dull monotony of their every day life, soon experienced plenty of variety in their work.

Marian had been accompanied by a young lady friend who was to spend the summer with her and the two girls were not long in making the acquaintance of Lottie Sherwood, who was soon on terms of intimacy with them, and as she was glad of the companionship of congenial friends once more, she spent much of her time at the Hall.

Ada Remington was a great beauty, and her fair face when it appeared at the village church with Agnes and Marian, excited the admiration of the village beaus, who were not long in obtaining an introduction, and after having obtained it, it was wonderful how many excuses they invented for driving out to the grand old place that had, for so many years, been closed to visitors.

Marian, while she rejoiced in the admiration which her friend seemed to have awakened, never seemed to wonder why so little attention was bestowed upon herself and never knew that, while her own face had been as greatly admired, the comments on her personal appearance were always accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders and an expression of wonder as to whether "that nameless daughter of Marian Blake expected to work her way into society."

But they treated her with an outward show of respect in order to gain a welcome beneath the roof which sheltered the beautiful stranger. And Ada, being possessed of a nature that required constant change and excitement, planned parties, picnics and delightful excursions into the surrounding country, and in the enjoyment of these, the long bright summer days were whiled away.

Agnes, as the days went by, found herself wondering at the changes that had taken place. Her father, who had always objected to visitors, and who still held himself aloof from their presence, had never once offered an objection to their now being there; and she, herself, although she took no active part in the festivities that were going on around her, felt that life had grown brighter in many ways.

But her watchful eye perceived what Marian, in her innocence, had not observed, that the village people merely tolerated the poor girl, and that their toleration was due only to the fact that the Claremont name shielded her from open scorn.

But would it always shield her thus? Would there not come a time when the dark cloud which hovered threateningly near her would break and reveal to the eyes of an unmerciful world a name sin-stained and tarnished, disgraced and dishonored?

Such thoughts as these caused Agnes many an anxious hour as she watched her darling enjoying her life, which now seemed all joy and gladness.

It had been arranged that Ada Remington's brother was to come for a brief visit at the close of the season and accompany her home, and as Marian had met him once before when he had visited Ada at the school, she found herself looking forward to his coming with a great deal of pleasure for he had interested her deeply during their brief acquaintance.

Nor was she the only one who delightfully anticipated his arrival, for Ada having proved such a pleasant acquaintance, her brother's coming could not fail to waken within the hearts of the village girls some degree of expectancy. And more than one fair maiden donned her prettiest dress and wreathed her face in bewitching smiles when making ready for the ball at Claremont Hall which was to be given in his and his sister's honor. And more than one heart was wrung with anger and jealousy after the ball was over, for the lion of the evening had given both his smiles and his undivided attention to the girl whom they had slighted and secretly scorned, sweet Marian Claremont; and never had she looked more beautiful than on that night.

The spark of jealousy having now been kindled, it needed but Charlie Remington's constantly increasing admiration for the lovely girl to fan it into a flame that was to one day break forth a raging fire of hatred and contempt.

For his admiration for Marian did increase until he found himself constantly longing for her presence. He had never loved before; he was not sure that he was in love now; but he knew that her dark eyes had the power to thrill his heart as nothing else ever had done, and that the hours passed in her society were the brightest his life had ever known.

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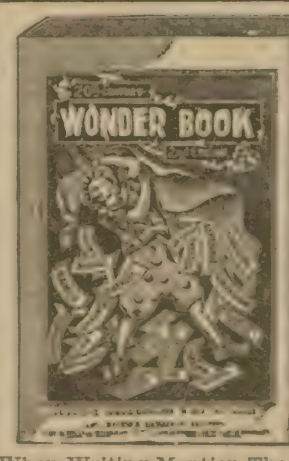

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CHAPTER V.

A POUNDING AND A DUCKING.

Lem was going to disappoint both Brand and Parker—both the man who wanted him to give up the rafting rope and the man who did not want him to do it.

"You don't understand," he said to Bill Brand. "I am willing to help you git the cannon out o' the river, but I ain't willing to let you have Parker's rope. There's a difference, you see."

"Yes, that is," assented Brand. "But you see we can't git the gun 'less we have the rope."

"Do we have to have a rope?"

"Sure."

"Wouldn't a chain do?"

"Have to have a rope."

"Wouldn't some other rope do?"

"Maybe, but we hain't got any other ones."

"There's other ropes around the mill and on the booms."

"But don't they belong to Sam Parker, too, and ain't he dimmycratic?"

"There's one that belongs to me," said Lem; "one that I've used for an outline. We can use that and ask no odds o' Sam Parker or any other Democrat."

"But don't ye see it 'ud be great sport for republicans to git that cannon with a dimmycratic rope?" asked Brand. "What is dimmycratic ropes for, I'd like to know, 'cept to hang dimmycrats with?"

"No rope is good for any purpose for me if I have to steal it. If I'd done that," declared Lem, "I'd want to hang myself with it. If you want me to go with you tonight or any other time to git the cannon to land, I'm with you, but I ain't a-goin' to swipe nobody's rope to do it with, nor wink while you swipe one, either. Is it a go?"

"Not in no sech onpatriotic way as ye're talkin' about, it ain't no go, nohow. Ef we do it it must be done with that dimmycrat rope—that's what I'm after."

"Yes; that's what you're after," whispered Sam Parker, under his breath, as he looked through between the bunches of shingles at Brand, "and ye don't seem likely to git it. Lem hain't sich bad stuff, after all."

"That's what I'm after," repeated Brand, earnestly.

"Yes," said Lem, calculatingly, "you're after the rope more earnestly than you're after the gun. Say, Bill Brand, where's that cannon, anyway?"

"I wouldn't want to tell ye unless you was in with me," returned Brand. "Ye see, yer so devoted to Sam Parker's interests that you might go an' blow the hull thing to him, an' that 'ud be jist the same as givin' it out to the hull dimmycrat party. If Sam Parker knowed whar the cannon is, ye can bet he'd see that I never sot eyes on it again."

"But, maybe he helped put it in the river and so knows all about it," suggested Lem.

"An' maybe he didn't," Bill went on. "Anyhow, if he don't happen to know where the cannon is he ain't goin' to find out by me a talkin' to no onpatriotic boys about it."

"All right, Bill; we can't do business. So long."

"Not without the rope," exclaimed Brand, wildly.

"Ye'll have to."

"But I won't do it."

As he spoke Bill Brand tried to force his way past Lem toward where the rope was. He made an ugly lunge, but Lem was too quick for him.

The boy planted a right-handed blow right between the man's eyes.

"My stars!" cried Brand, staggering back. "My stars!"

"Yo; not your stars, but my stars. I'm just 'settin' you gaze on 'em. How d'ye like 'em, Bill? Want to see any more. I can accommodate ye to another big dipper or two if ye say so."

"I'll 'commodate you to a crock o' lightnin', my fresh kid!" howled Brand, reaching out viciously for Lem's head.

Again the boy was too quick for the man. This time Lem got inside Bill's reach and landed on his mouth cutting his lip and loosening a tooth and making him howl with pain.

"Dare ye. Now, ye will git it!"

Again Brand led for Lem's head, but the boy parried his blow, and, jumping up, planted both feet on the bully's stomach and sent him reeling through an opening in the wall down into the mill race below.

As Bill went down he uttered a loud cry of alarm, for the prospect was not a good one. The water into which he would fall was too shallow to drown him, there was danger that he would be hurt by contact with something on the way or at the bottom of the race.

The commotion had called to the spot about every man and boy employed in the mill and several of them had witnessed the finish of the fight and were rejoicing over Bill Brand's discomfiture, for none of them liked him and some of them had distinct reasons for wishing him little good.

Sam Parker rushed to the hole in the wall through which Brand had disappeared and saw him scrambling to his feet in the race, dripping with water and heard him cursing as he brandished his fists at Lem, who was laughing at him, and vowed vengeance on the lad.

CHAPTER VI.

SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS.

For some days after he received his whipping and his ducking, Bill Brand kept away from the sawmill, and Lem Shelton did not see him after that day until two weeks later, there were "doings" down at Larnsville; but the boy heard that the bully was threatening him with dire vengeance at the first opportunity to wreak it that might occur. Just what form this vengeance would take Brand had not made plain to those with whom he had talked about the matter.

"One thing's certain," commented Lem. "He ain't likely to try to lick me again, for he must be discouraged about that. Well, I'll have something to do about it, whatever he does, and I've got several good friends that'll stand by me if I need 'em."

Lem had always been liked by the men around the mill and had been hand-in-glove with all the boys in the neighborhood, and his signal victory over Bill Brand, a big man who aspired to the reputation of a bad one, had increased his popularity and extended his fame up the Neoga River to Neoga, five miles away, and beyond and down the Neoga as far as Berwyn Center, and up the Tionesqua River even beyond Beech Island, and his name had become known in the farming districts of Jackman and Carton Townships. As the points mentioned were some of them in Pennsylvania and some of them in New York, he may be said to have achieved an inter-State reputation, and his fame had spread, not only as a bad boy with the "mits," but as a good boy in all relations of life.

Larnsville, a village between the Neoga and Tionesqua Rivers, and on the State line, was the nearest portal and trading point to the Neoga Mill. The settlement at the mill consisted, besides the mill itself, of four houses, two barns and a small "company store," the latter at one end of Sam Parker's Ferry, and distant from the mill perhaps an eighth of a mile. One of the houses was a long, story-and-a-half building, with two front doors and a high "stoop" that ran along the entire front of it. This building accommodated two families, those of Parker and Tunker, and served as a boarding house for such employes at the mill as did not have homes near by. It was dignified by the name of the "Company House." The four houses were west of the road and the nearest of them, the Company House, was distant from the mill about forty rods, the farthest, one of three "tenant" houses, about seventy rods. Between the road and the river was a slope on which were tier after tier of sawlogs awaiting a bath in the "head race" before being manufactured into lumber, and many rows of towering piles of boards, scantling and plank, destined to be rafted down the river and thence by way of the Susquehanna to Baltimore and intermediate markets. Back of the mill and under the dam were fishing and swimmin' holes about which boys loafed from late spring until mid-autumn. Across the river were farms and they ran up onto the sides of a long, steep hill over which the sun appeared every morning about half an hour later than it would have appeared if the hills had not been there. Early every evening the sun sunk out of sight behind a higher and more densely wooded hill which came down right to the Company House. The days were not long then, but they were long enough for those who worked by day about the mill yard and on the farms. To those who worked in the mill day and night was alike, when there was water enough to run full time, for they worked in shifts from midnight till noon, and from noon till midnight.

The "doings" at Larnsville was the circus to which Bill Brand had offered to take Lem if the latter would let him get the rafting rope. It was Spalding & Rogers' Big Railroad Show, and Lem looked from the high stoop of the Company House across the river at daybreak that morning and saw the coal train, to which the circus cars were attached, working its way down the valley [illegible] and had watched it till it had gone entirely out of sight through Insco's Cut, a mile below the Neoga Mill, and close up against the eastern hill. Then

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In case two or more persons are tied for one prize then the prize is equally divided. There is no guess work in this puzzle. It is simply a test of your ability to count figures correctly. Every figure is shown plainly but the figures are mixed up so that it takes a lot of patience and care in order to count them correctly. This contest closes Thursday evening, December 31st, at 5 p. m., and no answers sent after that time will be counted.

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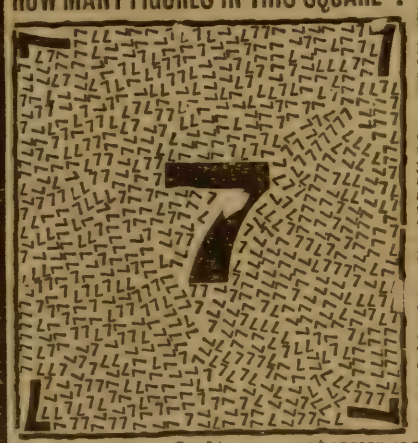
The Lucky "7" puzzle is to advertise the WOMAN'S WORLD which already has a circulation of over 800,000 copies each month. The subscription price is only 25 cents a year. The magazine is printed on book paper, profusely illustrated in colors. It has a lot of information and departments, dramatic news, household hints puzzles, fashions, young folks' departments and splendid stories by prominent writers. We want to reach the million mark as soon as possible, and the low subscription price of 25 cents a year is an inducement that makes it possible for everyone to subscribe and get the best monthly in the world for the price.

HOW MANY FIGURES IN THIS SQUARE ?



Every one entering this contest must send in 25 cents for a year's subscription, which entitles you to register one count in the contest. Or if you send 50 cents you will get four year's subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD and be entitled to four counts. If you are already a subscriber you may enter the contest just the same, and your new subscription will be added to your present subscription. You can also get your friends to subscribe and increase your number of chances to win prizes.

By next nearest we mean the next nearest above or below the correct number. In case one person should send in a count of one more than actually correct and another sent in a count of one less than actually correct they would tie for the prize of next nearest, and so on with the next nearest. A tie for the prize means the prize will be divided equally among those who are tied for the prize.

The counts must be filled in on the blanks below. Write your count plainly, also your name and address. Send in your count as soon as you have made it. You may send in as many as you pay for according to the offer.

CONDITIONS.—Each person must count the number of 7s in this square and fill in the count in the proper space. For example, you will fill in "1st count 726," and if you send in four counts fill in the other spaces in the blank. No person employed by the WOMAN'S WORLD, or any resident of the city of Chicago is allowed to compete for the prizes. No one knows the number of 7s in the square. The count will not be made until after the first of January, 1904, when the figures will be counted by a committee and the correct answer will be given. Then all the counts sent in by subscribers will be compared and the prizes awarded. The paper and receipt will be sent as soon as possible. Remember that it takes some time to properly enter subscriptions, and to take care of the large mail we receive daily, so if you do not hear from us at once do not be alarmed. No counts will be changed after they are received by us. Remit by Post-office or Express order, or registered letter. Counts must be in our office before 5 p. m., December 31st, 1903. If you send 25 cents write your count in the first space. If you send 50 cents write a count in each of the four spaces. Twenty-five cents entitles you to one year's subscription and one count; 50 cents entitles you to four years' subscription and four counts. If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended. The subscription blank is made so that you can answer either for one or four counts. Cross out the word "four" if you send one count, or cross out the word "one" if you send four counts. Extra blanks will be furnished free upon request. Remember we are a responsible concern and that the prizes will be faithfully awarded; also remember there is no guess work about the matter. It is simply a test of patience and

Entered Blank.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES:

Each person answering this contest must fill in the blank below and state the number of figures in the square.

1 Prize for correct answer.....	$200
1 Prize for nearest correct answer .	100
1 Prize next nearest	50
1 Prize next nearest	20
1 Prize next nearest	10
1240 Prizes of presents average value each 50 cts.....	620
1245 Prizes amounting to.....	$1000

In case two or more persons send the same count and are entitled to a prize then the amount of the prize is divided equally.

Fill Out This Subscription and Count Blank.

WOMAN'S WORLD, Boyce Building, Chicago:

Enclosed find 25 cents for one year's subscription to 50 cents for four

WOMAN'S WORLD, which entitles me to one count in your four counts

Lucky "7" Puzzle contest. I register my one count in four counts

the blank below. Yours truly,

Name.....

Street, P. O., or Rural Route.....

Town.....

State.....

1st Count.	2nd Count.	3rd Count.	4th Count.

NOTE.—Simply write in your count in figures.

Address WOMAN'S WORLD, Boyce Bldg., Chicago.

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the boy had gone to help Bennie, Sam Parker's own son, find the hogs and hens and milk four cows.

"Goin' to the show?" asked Bennie, as he balanced a pail of milk on the fence. "I am."

"Guess not," replied Lem, as he kicked a loose leg into its place in his milking-stool. "Yer pa can't spare me, I guess."

"I reckon my pa could spare you all right," said Bennie, insolently. "You ain't exactly all my pa depends on for his success. My pa can spare any one, and don't you forgit it. My pa's one o' the prominent men in this part o' the country an' you'll find it out when that county history comes out with pa's pictur' into it. Why, that's goin' to cost my pa seventy-five dollars."

"And it's seventy-five dollars poorly spent. No sich thing as that 'll make yer pa a great man, an' great men don't have to pay to have their picturs in books. The Lord has to give ev'ry man a start toward greatness, an' I hain't heard yet of his givin' Sam Parker any kind of a boost that way. Have you, Bennie?"

"Don't you git too sassy. Pa's goin' to take you up on that pretty soon, Lem Shelton, and when he does you'll wish——"

"Hello, boys!"

It was 'Lizy Parker who was calling them.

"Now you stop quarrelin' out there and git in to breakfast. If you're both good boys this morning, Sam's goin' to let ye go to the doin's."

"Me, too?" asked Lem, in surprise.

"Yes."

"What's gittin' into him?" whispered Lem. "Something s'picious about this."

CHAPTER VII.

A RED LETTER DAY AT LARNSVILLE.

Larnsville was a country village of about four hundred souls. It was one of the oldest settlements in the valley and prided itself upon its comparative antiquity. Besides, it was incorporated as a borough and annually elected a burgess (or mayor) and certain members of the borough council (or aldermen), other members "holding over." It had a police force, consisting of one man, whose official title was the "Chief," and a volunteer fire department, with an engine house and an old-fashioned "brake" engine. This machine could throw a stream of water forty feet high, which was about ten feet higher than any part of any structure in the village except two church spires, and so would have been efficient enough if a fire had broken out anywhere near any water, and some one had dragged the old pump out and operated it. The chief of the fire department was one of the most popular men in the village, and had a more exalted conception of his office and his obligations to a confiding public than some presidents of the United States have had of theirs. When the engine was being exercised the chief of police was always on hand to keep small boys beyond the shower-bath line.

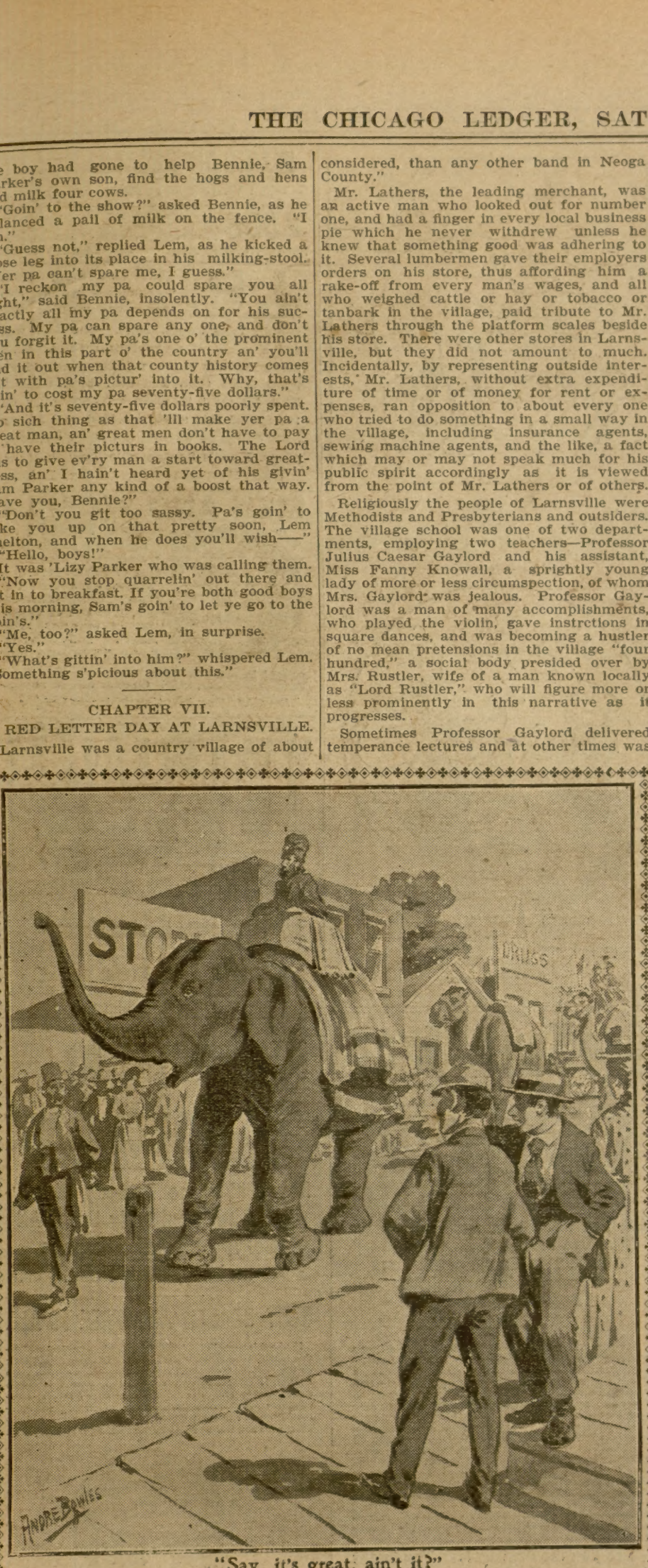
The village had a cornet band, too, and it met in a room over the engine house and on Saturday evenings, in summer time, played in front of Mr. Lather's store. Sometimes dressed up in its gorgeous uniform and marched across the State line to the depot to escort some great light of the political stump to the Doggett House, the leading hotel of the place, and it was always in evidence in fire department parades and at Fourth of July celebrations. Its leader was referred to in the Larnsville Hotblast as "Professor Windus, our celebrated and efficient cornet virtuoso," and also as "our lightning tonsorial artist par excellence." At band contests the organization had won distinction as "making a greater volume of sound, its numerical strength considered, than any other band in Neoga County."

Mr. Lathers, the leading merchant, was an active man who looked out for number one, and had a finger in every local business pie which he never withdrew unless he knew that something good was adhering to it. Several lumbermen gave their employers orders on his store, thus affording him a rake-off from every man's wages, and all who weighed cattle or hay or tobacco or tanbark in the village, paid tribute to Mr. Lathers through the platform scales beside his store. There were other stores in Larnsville, but they did not amount to much. Incidentally, by representing outside interests, Mr. Lathers, without extra expenditure of time or of money for rent or expenses, ran opposition to about every one who tried to do something in a small way in the village, including insurance agents, sewing machine agents, and the like, a fact which may or may not speak much for his public spirit accordingly as it is viewed from the point of Mr. Lathers or of others.

Religiously the people of Larnsville were Methodists and Presbyterians and outsiders. The village school was one of two departments, employing two teachers—Professor Julius Caesar Gaylord and his assistant, Miss Fanny Knowall, a sprightly young lady of more or less circumspection, of whom Mrs. Gaylord was jealous. Professor Gaylord was a man of many accomplishments, who played the violin, gave instrctions in square dances, and was becoming a hustler of no mean pretensions in the village "four hundred," a social body presided over by Mrs. Rustler, wife of a man known locally as "Lord Rustler," who will figure more or less prominently in this narrative as it progresses.

Sometimes Professor Gaylord delivered temperance lectures and at other times was referred to in Larnsville gossip as "a horrible example." He was very likely not as black as some people painted him and by the less rigorous folks at Larnsville he was voted a good fellow. His pupils liked him and made good progress in their studies under his instruction. He, too, will have a place in future chapters, as a promoter of social gaiety and otherwise.

Small and mean as was Larnsville, it was not without its daily excitement. This was afforded in the stopping of the morning and evening mail trains at the little brown station across the river, in "York State," and in the arrival and departure of the Mooseland Stage. Periodically John Hole, a drunken bully from Beech Island, came into town and whooped round until the "chief" put him in the lock-up, a little wooden building that stood behind the engine house and looked like a farmer's smoke-house. There were dances occasionally at the Doggett House, once in a while a horse race or a foot race down Main street attracted attention, some times "horse trainers" gave exhibitions in the streets, rope walkers risked their lives at times on ropes stretched thirty feet above the ground from the roof of Lathers' Store to the roof of the Stuart Block across the way, minstrels held forth in the hall of the Doggett House, once a year the good people saw Uncle Tom's Cabin, and several times a year peripatetic magic lantern exhibitors held forth in one or other of the local churches. But a circus! That was a rare thing in Larnsville—so rare a thing that it did not happen there more than once in five years. The circus had made all Larnsville and its tributary territory crazy. There were people in Larnsville that day from remote points beyond the Pennsylvania and York State hills. There were people there that day who had not brushed up and come out to the river since Dan Rice had been there before.



"Say, it's great, ain't it?"

FREE DINNER SET

To ladies for selling only 10 one-pound cans QUEEN BAKING POWDER, and to each purchaser of a can, we will give FREE, A PITCHER AND SIX GLASSES, latest cut-glass pattern, or, choice of many other articles in glassware, chinaware, graniteware, etc. (Our dinner sets are not like the ordinary premium dishes. They are high grade ware, each piece handomely decorated in four colors and heavily traced with gold. You will be proud of them.) We also give SKIRTS, WAISTS, WRAPS, FURNITURE, or anything else you may want for selling our QUEEN BAKING POWDER. WE ALSO GIVE CASH COMMISSION FOR SELLING. Write today for our Illustrated Plans, offering premiums to customers and to agents; it will pay you. No money required. YOU RISK ABSOLUTELY NOTHING, as we send you the goods and the premiums you select, pay freight and allow you time to deliver the goods and collect for them before paying us. Address

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Hiawatha, The Holy City, and 50 other new songs and two pieces of music FREE to each person who answers this advertisement. We are making this most liberal offer to introduce WOMAN'S WORLD, a large, finely illustrated magazine which has already a circulation of 800,000 copies each issue.

WOMAN'S WORLD is edited by able writers who have followed their profession for many years. It contains a lot of interesting reading matter and numerous departments such as are found only in an up-to-date and high-class paper. To introduce our magazine into thousands of homes quickly, we will send it five months on trial for only 10 cents and we will send you free and postpaid 52 new songs and two pieces of music as above stated. Send 25 cents and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD one year and the songs and music mentioned above, also our Mammoth collection of 100 songs, words and music. This is positively the biggest offer ever made by any publisher. We are one of the largest publishing concerns in Chicago, in business over 20 years. If you want a good paper at a low price and a lot of choice music send for either of the above offers. You will be delighted. Address WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. M6 CHICAGO, ILL.

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Send five boys' names and 5 two-cent stamps or 10 cents in silver and we will enter you as a subscriber fully paid in advance for three months. Write the boys' names plainly also give your own name and full address so you will be sure to get the paper every month. Address:

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To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing The CHICAGO LEDGER are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The annual subscription to the Weekly CHICAGO LEDGER is $1.00, and everyone who sends in $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive FREE a KING CAMERA with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Silver Paper, Trays, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. To send the CAMERA FREE and prepay charges on it.

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The CHICAGO LEDGER is distinctly in the line of Progress. As a purveyor of Romance and Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care; no other periodical devoted to fiction and humor goes to the expense of using color work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friends. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes pictures 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

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Gives Instant Vigor.

Weak Men Can Have It Free by Sending Name and Address — Imparts Strength and Vigor for Life.

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED THE FIRST DAY.

"Feels So Good to Be My Old Self Again."

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 2270 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so any man may easily cure himself at home.

If you are not troubled with sexual weakness don't write. But if you are weak, have shrunken organs or night losses write at once, as the remedy will give instant relief. You will feel stronger and vigorous from the very start. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following, taken from their daily mail, shows what men think of their generosity.

"Dear Sirs:—The result could not have been better. I noticed a warm feeling, as of returning life, an exquisite experience of renewed power, the first day I used your treatment and I cannot withhold an expression of gratitude to you for having thus led me to the way of restoration, strength and vigor. Everything looks brighter; life offers more than I ever supposed it would, and nothing can be of more service to a weakened man than your priceless receipt."

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WHISKY Pure Whisky, any kind, made dirt cheap without still. Recipe free. W. & W., Brame, Miss.

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RODS The latest improved; sold under guarantee. Used for locating mines, lost treasures, etc. Cir, two cents. Address: L. A. LOWRY, P.O. Box 1501-09, DENVER, Colo.

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A New Cure For

Weak Men

3 Remedies Free.

Prof. Rup. P. James' 3 New Preparations will stop at once, Drains, Losses and Emissions, cure Nervous and Men's Weakness, Varicocele, Prostatic Troubles and restore Natural Strength, vigor and vital power without stimulation. Three large bottles free to convince you. No money is wanted. Just tell us where to send them.

What This Free Package Contains.

One large bottle of Formula C, to heal the Prostate Gland; contract the weakened and relaxed ducts to prevent drains, emissions and waste and to bring circulation to the distended veins and cure Varicocele. *One large bottle of Formula B*, to replenish vital substance, revitalize the brain, spine and sexual structures by furnishing the true vital elements of vigorous manhood. *A bottle of Formula A*, to reconstruct the nervous and general system, to restore *natural* strength, manly vigor and vital power without stimulation.

These three new preparations cure and restore all men—whether old, young or middle-aged—who suffer from any form of nervous and sexual weakness, resulting from overwork, physical decay, excesses, the practice of secret vice or otherwise. You can write with perfect confidence and without fear of being humbugged by a "Prescription, C. O. D.," or any other fraud. Just tell us where to send them, and *that you wish to be convinced of a cure without paying us one cent* and the three large free bottles will be forwarded to you in a plain, sealed box, without any marks to identify its contents or where it came from. This is the most exhaustive and complete free test course ever offered nervous and weakened men. That it is absolutely successful in all cases is proven by the fact that we ask every man to give it a thorough test, at his own home, and be his own judge, without paying us one cent. There will be no interference with your work and daily habits, and strict confidence regarding names, correspondence, etc., is assured. Address, JAMES & JAMES, 30 James Bldg., Covington, Ky.

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The Parkers and Lem Shelton and the Tunkers were early in town. Parker explained to every one that he had urgent business with Mr. Lathers that day and "the folks would come along," but he did not state that his most urgent business was to get "show money" from the merchant, which was charged to Parker's account on Lathers' books and would be repaid with interest.

"Drat the circuses!" exclaimed Mr. Lathers. "They take all the money out of town. But the folks have to have 'em, come high as they may."

CHAPTER VIII.

A "HIGHWAY HOLIDAY PARADE."

Sam Parker launched forth in defense of the much-abused circus and was going on to demonstrate that circuses spent a good deal of money in each town in which they exhibited, and brought to town many people who spent much more when a blare of brass and cries from the street announced the approach of "the grand free street parade worth going miles to see and once seen never forgotten."

Parker upset a keg of nails in making a hasty and hilarious exit—for he had taken a few drinks—and fell headlong into a barrel of crackers, from which he was extricated by the united effort of Tunker and Mr. Lathers.

Neither Lem Shelton nor any of the Parkers or Tunkers remained to see the end of this mishap to the operator of the Neoga Mill, and when, at length, Parker and Tunker reached the street, closely followed by Mr. Lathers, who had forgotten his recent condemnation of circuses, the "great golden chariot of Orpheus," as the circus band wagon was called on the bills, was right in front of the store.

The garish spectacle was coming down the street, and in a minute Lem and all the Parkers and all the Tunkers had forgotten everything else, at least for the time being.

"Don't the plumed horses and the great swan band wagon look scrumptious?" Bennie Parker asked Lem.

"Yes, they do," replied Lem, "but I'm kinder lookin' for the elephants. They're away off up street yet, I guess."

Following the band wagon were some gorgeously dressed ladies mounted on plunging horses. Then came a big tableau wagon with a clown on top. Next came half a dozen knights in glistening armor, and Lem thought they bore themselves right bravely. After them were a number of animal cages at good distances apart.

Then came another tableau car, bearing a living personification of the Goddess of Liberty, who waved aloft the stars and stripes; then more dens of wild animals. A smaller band wagon than the first came next, then several camels, then some clowns and "nigger singers," then more knights and ladies fair. It was an imposing sight, and all the time the bands were playing the very latest airs.

There were more cages of animals and then more clowns. Then came the elephants, all ablaze with red and gold, lumbering along majestically, with attendants in shimmering uniforms, who appeared to be nothing less than Indian princes.

Behind the elephants came more lairs, two of them open, showing men clad as kings are pictured, each in the attitude of a conqueror, with lions or tigers or leopards crouching at their feet.

Next was a cage larger than any of the others. Its interior was not revealed, but it was described as "the den of the only gigantic, blood-sweating behemoth from the river Nile." Lem thought it as large as a small house, and suspected that the "blood-sweating" beast within—which was just a hippopotamus—was not large enough to fill it uncomfortably for himself.

After the cage of the hippopotamus came the "marvelous steam calliope," as big as a freight car and as noisy as any two other similar instruments that had ever been heard in Larnsville. No boy in town could have been hired to get far enough away from it to ascertain whether or not the "advance herald" told the truth when it said that "the mammoth steam wonder could be heard a distance of four miles." The same picturesquely worded publication stated that the music of the calliope was "sweeter than the music of the spheres." Never having, to his knowledge, listened to the music of the spheres, Lem was not able to form an intelligent opinion on this point, but, having listened to the calliope, he felt no inclination to familiarize himself with the music of the spheres.

Professor E. Umptlump, "the world-renowned perambulator of the aerial cobweb" (a rope-walker) and a leather-lunged orator who urged every one to "go right over to the show lot and see the grand free exhibition, "occupied the next vehicle, a huge float with bronze figures all about it. The "King of the Air" gazed supercilliously down on the common mortals around him, and from time to time pointed upward majestically, as if to impress all beholders with an idea of the immensity of the altitude at which he daily risked his life for the amusement of the populace.

The procession went down Main street as far as State, then passed round a block which included the school house and returned up Main street to Lathers' corner and thence to the show ground. As it passed the store a second time, Bennie whispered to Lem:

"Say, it's great, ain't it?"

"What?"

"The show."

"Oh, I don't know. That show of Adam O'Brien's at Neoga last summer was bigger'n this. Why, it had two center-poles."

"But a center-pole ain't no great sight," said Bennie. "A center-pole ain't no more to look at than a telegraft pole. Le's us git away from my folks and the Tunkers an' go over to the show lot and see the grand free exhibition. That man on the hind wagon's a goin' to walk on a wire."

"So they say, but why not go along with the others?" asked Lem.

"Oh, them Tunker kids make me sick, an' old Zeb Tunker's always a lecturin' about somethin'! I don't think Zeb's such a much. Why, he only works for my pa!"

"He can't be such a great shake then," answered Lem. "Come on, I'll go with ye. I guess the others won't lose much when

"Say, Leo; why does a hen cross the road?"

"I don't know. Why does she?"

"Because she is laying for somebody on the other side."

Fritz—What's your brothers doing, Louey?

Louey—Vell, von is a boliceman. He dramps his beat.

Fritz—Und de udder von, yes?

Louey—He's a brakesman. He beats der dramps.

Are You a Man?

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Are You the Strong and Kingly Man Who Can Hold Royal Court with the Best on Earth, or are You Lost to Men's Delights Because of Lack of Vim and Vigor?

MY DEAR BROTHER:—More than 300,000 weak men who have used "Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men" for a short time, one tablet at a dose, three times a day, are now men in fact as well as in name;—men who mingle with the world in gleeful enjoyment of all the solid, satisfying pleasures known only to true men;—men able to do the proper thing at the proper time;—men able to work or play;—men whose lives have now become a life-long holiday fraught with all the blessings that Perfect Health alone can bring. This statement is Gospel Truth, and it is also true that if you are weak (no matter what the cause or whether you be old or young) their use will cure you quicker and at less expense than any other remedy in the world. They cured me at the age of forty-four years when I lacked that vitality without which a person is a man only in name, and after I had been nearly ruined by rascals who disgrace the medicine business.

Are You the Healthy Man You Ought to be, or Has Hard Work or the Reckless Acts of By-Gone Days Brought Loss of Strength and Thrown Your Nervous System out of Tune?

The myriad and marvelous cures that "Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men" have made of Varicocele, Nervous Debility, Exhausting Drains, Weak Back, Kidney Ills and Men's Weakness of all kinds, at all ages and from all causes, lead me to say sincerely on my honor as a man that I do not believe there is a case of that kind in the world to-day that this unparalleled remedy will fail to **quickly cure** if used as directed above. During the past five years (my advertisement has been in this paper at intervals all of that time) the sale of my "Wonder-Workers" has developed into **the Largest Mail Order Medicine Business in the World**—a sale that aggregates at **least ten times as much as that of any other similar remedy on earth**, and to-day "Wonder-Workers" go by mail or express to every country in the world No medicine that is not what it is claimed to be can ever attain a record such as that.

You Can be a Man of Vim—a Strong, Peerless, Fearless, Nervy, Manly Man—and Hold High Carnival with Perfect Health if You Use Wonder-Workers.

The secret of the wonderful success of my "Wonder-Workers" lies in the fact that **they do not contain any of the poisons** that make the vile nostrums sent out by the "Free Trial," "C. O. D.," "Belt," or "Prescription" fakirs and frauds so dangerous to human life. "Wonder-Workers" are pure and it is Perfectly Safe to use them at any time or under any circumstances. They never fail. If you order "Wonder-Workers" **mention this paper**, the publisher of which is hereby authorized to publish me as a fraud if I fail to do exactly as I agree with any of its readers.

The price of "Wonder-Workers" is only One Dollar per box, always cash with order; by express at your expense. It will cost 25 cents to lift them from express office. If you send $1.15 to pay packing and postage, I send them by mail prepaid, thus saving you ten cents. If you have any doubt about me, write to any Commercial Agency, the First National Bank of this city, (the bank of which Hon. Asa S. Bushnell, Ex-Gov. of Ohio, is President), or to any of YOUR friends in Springfield. Sincerely your friend,

GEO. S. BECK,

44 and 46 Main Street, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE for locating Gold and Silver Ore, Lost or Hidden Treasures. Book and testimonials free. P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

RODS for locating gold and silver, lost treasures, etc. Guaranteed. Circular free. Address BRYANT BROS., Box 121-37, DALLAS, Texas

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

J. P. Those suffering from weaknesses which sap the pleasures of life should take Juven Pills. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever been offered. Sent by mail in plain package only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. 2

Made by its originators C. I. Hood Co., props. Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MEN AND WOMEN

Trade Mark — BIG G — CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. — $1.00

CURE YOURSELF!

Big G is a nonpoisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BLOOD POISON

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison

Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures.

Cook Remedy Co.

1730 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, Ill. 100-page Book Free.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Manhood is Never Lost

New Philippine Remedy Discovered That Positively Cures All Nervo-Sexual Diseases and It Never Fails.

SENT SEALED AND FREE TO ALL

Manhood is never lost. A triumph of modern medical exploration in the Philippines entirely disproves that old fogey theory of the medical fraternity. Any man desiring a private home treatment that is absolutely sure and guaranteed to restore superb manhood, stop all unnatural weakening drains and impart full strength, manly size and vigor to the wasted and weakened parts should not fail to avail himself of this remarkable offer by the now world-famous Doctor Na Morg, of Jackson, Mich.

Dr. Na Morg, Discoverer of VITALA, the Only Positive Cure for Nervo-Sexual Debility and Wasted Nerve Force.

This eminent Physician and Scientist has discovered a marvelous, never-failing formula heretofore unknown to the world that positively cures sexual weaknesses at all ages and stages of the malady quickly and forever. The new remedy, well named VITALA, the Wonderful Philippine Restorative, will be cheerfully sent free to any man lacking in the powers of manhood who writes for it It matters not how many times you may have been disappointed by so-called cures, "free receipts," "C.O.D." schemers, or the false promises of specialists. It makes no difference as to the cause of your predicament, whether from injury, sickness, early indiscretion, excesses, mental worry, or physical over-exhaustion, VITALA will build up the wasted tissue and get you quickly back to health, strength and manly vigor. Manhood is never forever lost; beneath the ashes the old fires of passion still glow, only to be rekindled and set in action by the proper forces, when it shall again flame forth in all the exuberance of Youth and superb Manhood. VITALA is the only remedy in all the world that is a positive, quick cure for Nervo-Sexual Debility and every man lacking in manly power is earnestly requested to send for it while the Doctor's free distribution of the new discovery is going on. The "Harvest of Neglect" need not come to any reader of this paper who is wise in accepting this generous free offer of a cure now, as it may be withdrawn at any time, so you should write today.

We think the Doctor's plan a most extravagant one for introducing this valuable remedy but is perhaps the only way to quickly establish it in the States, which he is determined to do at any cost. VITALA is without doubt a wonderful specific, as it passed the official test and now stands the only recognized cure for weak men where the advanced stage of epilepsy, paralysis, consumption or insanity has not actually been reached. A simple letter addressed to **Doctor Na Morg, Lock Box 854, Jackson, Michigan,** will bring the treatment to you **free** and postage paid by return mail, just as stated, and no questions asked. There will be no C. O. D. charges to pay whatever, and no marks or advertisement on the plain sealed package to indicate its source. Dr. Na Morg is an eminent physician and scientist of world-wide fame who may be relied upon to keep all correspondence in strictest confidence, and will extend true courtesy and a positive cure to all who write him.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

All Modern Improvements.

Gladys—Isn t he awfully flat?

Ethel—Yes; but he has an auto, a yacht and a drag. He's what you might call a flat with all modern improvements.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Healthy, Happy Children

BORN WITHOUT PAIN.

The wretchedness and sorrow of childless parents and the dread of the pains of childbirth, which is so often deterrent, can all be done away. Dr. J. H. Dye's system positively cures sterility and assures easy and absolutely painless childbirth. Thousands of happy parents and grateful women testify to the wonderful success of Dr. Dye's treatment. If you will send him your name and address he will mail you a deeply interesting illustrated book, which explains fully how happy, healthy children can be born without pain. Address Dr. J. H. Dye, 209 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

Lay this paper down and write now before you forget or misplace it.

No Envy There.

Friend—Your two sopranos appear to be very good friends.

Manager—Yes; each thinks the other can't sing.

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

Mrs. B. W. Fretter, Detroit, Mich., will send free to any woman suffering from female weakness a sample of the simple home remedy that cured her.

The Sunken Cannon.

[Continued from Page Fourteen.]

they lose us. Besides, we ain't likely to git lost."

"I am," replied Bennie, as they started away. "The old man licked me t'other night for the last time. I'm a-goin' away with this show."

"You ain't" cried Lem. "You ain't!"

This capital story of boyish adventures will be continued in next week's Ledger. If any reader desires our free cameras or patterns they have only to note our advertisement on pages thirteen and fifteen to find out how they may get them.

Remarkable.

"Say, look here," exclaimed Jimblecute, in excited tones, rushing up to Blatherskite. "Did anybody ever call you a thick-headed, tight-fisted, grouchy, interfering, ugly-natured, thieving old fool?"

"Why, no," answered the astonished Blatherskite.

"They haven't?" said Jimblecute, in an astonished tone, "why, that's strange." Then he backed away, and Blatherskite stood still on the corner for an hour trying to collect his thoughts.

BROTHER

Read My

FREE

Offer and

CURE YOURSELF

Privately
At Your Own Home.

IT NEVER FAILS
TO ALWAYS RESTORE

LET ME BE YOUR FRIEND

I have the Positive Cure for Those Debilitating Drains and Weaknesses Peculiar to Men.

I do not send you any unexpected collect-on-delivery package.

I have no fake medical company to whom I send your name.

I have no trial sample, drugged to the danger point, that cures everything.

I have no Electric Belt scheme to force or embarrass you.

You can see I have been through the mill.

STRONG VIGOROUS VITALITY.

Weak manhood causes more misery than all diseases known, but it can be cured, and I have the remedy. I will send you the prescription and full directions FREE—it will cost you nothing to try it. It is a specific for Lost Manhood, Nervous Weakness, Varicocele, No Ambition. It gives youthful warmth and vigor, strengthens the vital organs, and builds up run-down or abused conditions of the nervous system. Why suffer in silence? It will put sunshine in your soul, and add golden years to your life. I have cured doctors and friends, and I know it will do the work. I send the Prescription and full directions in plain sealed envelope, free; all I ask is that you use it, and if you will, pass it along to your fellow man. This advertising helps my Washing Machine business a little, but, if by placing this cure in the hands of my suffering brethren, I can restore you new life, new joy and happiness, I will feel myself repaid for the effort. Do not delay until the last ray of hope is gone—enjoy life while you live. Write today in confidence.

My private address: THOMAS BRADFORD, 415 Bradford Building, CINCINNATI, OHIO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. **PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.**

4533 MISSES COAT WITH CAPE 12-16 YRS.

4534 HANDKER CHIEF KIMONO, SMALL-MEDIUM-LARGE.

4538 SHIRRED KIMONO, SMALL--MEDIUM-LARGE

4521 WOMANS TUCKED COAT, 32-40 BUST.

4520 TUCKED FLOUNCE SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST

4532 FANCY BLOUSE, 32--40 BUST.

4530 COAT WITH PLAIN OR FULL SLEEVES, 32--40 BUST.

4535 SHIRRED TRIPLE SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST.

4453 HANDKER--CHIEF CORST COVER, 32-40 BUST.

4537 MISSES SHIRRED DOUBLE SKIRT, 12-16 YRS.

4541 RAIN COAT, 32-40 BUST

4539 BLOUSE WAIST, 32-40 BUST.

4490 WOMANS WAIST, 32-40 BUST.

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days and never returns; no purge, no salve, no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address C. J. MASON, Box 519, New York, N Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

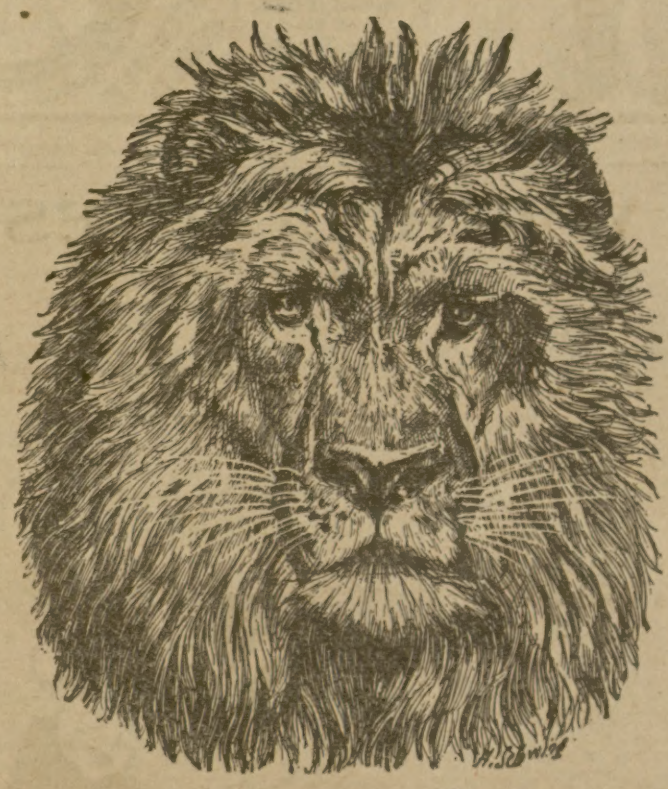
OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. B 2 Lebanon, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa.

FREE TO WEAK MEN



A DISCOVERY OF A REMEDY HAS BEEN MADE THAT RESTORES LOST MANHOOD AND GIVES MAN THE VITALITY OF A LION.

ONE WEEK'S TRIAL PACKAGE SENT FREE TO ALL MEN WHO WRITE FOR IT.

Regenerative Tablets is the only recognized positive and permanent cure for Lost Manhood in all its forms and stages.

It is scientifically prepared by the best chemists in the world. The reputation of the institution is such, that all physicians know when they stand sponsor for a remedy, that remedy must be exactly as represented. And when upon their reputation they make the statement that Regenerative Tablets will cure all cases of Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhoea, Varicocele, or weakness of any nature of the nerve or sexual organs, a cure must be positive and permanent. This Company will send every person who is suffering from nervous diseases a week's treatment absolutely free. There is but one test of genuine medicine and that is the results which are obtained by its use; if it cures the disease for which it is prepared it is a true remedy. This is the test by which the Fallopia Lynn Co. wish their one week free treatment to be tried. After using Regenerative Tablets one week, the sufferer will find new vigor in his organs; new force in his muscles; new blood in his veins; new ambition; a new man in vitality, health and appearance. Regenerative Tablets has a peculiarly grateful effect and the patient feels the benefit after its first day's use. It goes direct to the seat of the trouble, no matter of how long standing, giving strength and development where it is needed. This marvelous remedy banishes all feelings of bashfulness toward the opposite sex; cures all the ills and troubles that come from early abuse, excess of overwork and business cares, all of which result in premature loss of strength and memory; emissions, impotency and varicocele. Regenerative Tablets will effect a cure at any age, there is no case that it will not cure permanently except where epilepsy or insanity has already been reached. Fallopia Lynn Co. makes no restrictions, every person who writes will be sent a week's treatment absolutely free and postpaid, carefully wrapped in a plain package with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains. They have received thousands of letters from people all over the country telling of the most astonishing cures made by Regenerative Tablets. Their one week free offer is genuine, and no embarrassing questions asked. Write to-day to the Fallopia Lynn Co., 523 Burlington Building, St. Louis, Mo., and receive the week's treatment free; their book which is also free and sent with the free treatment will explain how to take the treatment in private and cure yourself at home.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledge.

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 2 cents out of every 5 cent sale and send us 3 cents. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc Yours truly,

Name.....

Street..... *Town*.....

Date..... *State*.....

BIG SPEAKING DOLL

Dolly and Her AUTOMOBILE

THIS wonderful imported new speaking Doll is a big beauty, **nearly one and one-half feet tall.** Neatly and artistically dressed in the latest French Doll fashion. Dolly is a great wonder, and as sweet and pretty as a baby. She has a handsome bisque head, with automatic sleeping eyes, natural curly hair, pearly teeth, fancy lace trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., to match. A handsome **Doll Baby** that speaks, sleeps, and also can be made to cry. Calls for her **Papa and Mamma as plainly as any living baby.** A marvel of the century. Girls, here is your great opportunity to receive **free of all charge,** this handsome new speaking Doll before any other girl in your neighborhood gets ahead of you.

Write us at once for Outfit and we will mail to your address on credit **twenty** useful and handy novelty articles (for gentlemen's and ladies' use and wear) to dispose of at **ten cents each.** When sold, remit us the money ($2.00) and we will forward **without any delay whatever,** by **mail, postage prepaid,** one of our lovely speaking and sleeping Dolls for your trouble, together with the **Mechanical Automobile and her Dolly as an extra present.**

All premiums will be carefully packed and padded in strong mailing boxes, in order that Dolly may arrive by mail in good condition. There will be no delay in the delivery of Dolls, as we have **75,000** in our buildings, ready for prompt shipment.

Girls, order the twenty articles at once, dispose of them among your friends, and send us the money and we will promptly mail to your address this lovely speaking and sleeping Doll as advertised.

Address all orders to the manufacturers and importers,

IMPORT-CREDIT COMPANY,
NO. 303 IMPORT BUILDING,
BRIDGEWATER, CONN.

FREE EXTRA Present

Dear Sir: I received the Dolls and extra presents and I thank you very much for them. They are very pretty indeed, and the Dollies call me mamma very often and cry when I do not come. Thanking you again,
HELEN G. KILMURRY, 32 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

THIS HANDSOMELY FINISHED
Mechanical DOLL Motor Car or Automobile
is the latest imported novelty, being operated by a strong **reversible** spring motor, driving the car containing the Doll with great speed, forward or backward.

GIVEN FREE AS AN Extra Present
in addition to the Doll premium.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

For Exchange.

Dorothy Green has a bird to exchange—
It's a bullfinch, a pert little pet—
And a camera, known to the "Elf," to the thing
That she seems to be anxious to get.

Benjamin Baldwin Fitzsmith has an "Elf"
That is not a bit out of repair;
But, alas! he looks cold when you mention a bird,
For he's yearning for stamps that are rare.

Millicent Brown wants a bullfinch and cage,
She is wild to possess such a prize,
But what Millie can offer Miss Green for her pet
Is a doll with mechanical eyes.

Algernon Jones has a lot of rare stamps,
But to cameras "Pooh!" he exclaims.
If he can't have an air-gun, a football, or bat,
He is open to new "parlor games."

Now, if Dorothy Green had a bat—no, I mean
If Fitzsmith for a doll felt a whim,
Why, then Millicent Brown—I shall have to lie down,
For my head is beinning to swim!

The Lamented Canary.

Teacher—Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct.

Little Bessie—Dick!

Dick? What sort of a bird is that?"

"Our canary—the cat extincted him!"

In Old Missouri.

Hank Ozark—I 'lowed I'd hev ter whup little Buddy yistiddy. I thort I ketched him a-chewin' gum.

Pap Bloodgood—Shor! An' wuz he?

Hank—Naw! 'Twazn't nuthin' but jest t'backer.

Finis.

The Teacher—What were Noah Webster's last words?

The Scholar—I don't remember just what they were, but I know they all begin with a Z.

First City Man—I say, Jones, do you remember when beef was highest?

Second City Man—No; I can't say I do.

First City Man—Why, when the cow jumped over the moon, of course.

Remote Kin.

Kind Lady—How many are there in the family beside yourself?

Little Amy—Four—mamma, papa, sister, and a distant relative.

"That is only three. The distant relative is not a member of the family.

"Oh, yes he is. He is my brother."

"Your brother? Then he isn't a distant relative."

"Yes, ma'am—he is in the Philippines."

Cake Was Necessary.

Little David—Ma, can't I play makin' believe I'm entertaining another little boy?

His Ma—Yes, dear, of course.

Little David—All right. Gimme some cake for him!

The Little Pugilist.

Mother—You naughty boy, you've been playing with those Sniff children again!"

Wellington—No, I ain't, ma! I jus' been fighting 'em.

Speaking of Trained Pigs.

Owing to its obstinacy and seeming stupidity the pig is usually classed among the dull animals. This, however, is not a just estimate of its intelligence. "Learned" pigs that could pick out letters of the alphabet have been exhibited at fairs. Throw a pig into deep water, and it will begin swimming ashore at once, which is more than most men are able to do. In France they have been trained to hunt for truffles (which are hidden underground) and to draw the plow. They have even been taught to act as pointers. In most cases they are trained by means of reward for success. In pointing, for example, when they blunder they get a stone, but if, when they spot the bird, they drop their tail and ears and sink on their knees, nor rise until after the bird has risen, then they are rewarded with pudding.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

A 4-year-old youngster while at supper the other evening requested his brother to help him to something and was told that he should say "if you please." So he said: "Pass me some of that if I please."

Mamma—Tommy, didn't I tell you the other day never to let me hear of you playing with those naughty boys again?

Tommy—Yes, mamma; but you needn't blame me if you heard it; I didn't tell you.

Little Dot—The paper says they are going to build more sky-scrapers in Chicago. What's a sky-scraper.

Small Willie—Oh, a sky-scraper is a machine the weather man uses to scrape the clouds off the sky.

Cunning Flattery.

In Scottish towns and villages the "fool" was once a noted character. He is seldom, if ever, seen now being probably taken care of in some charitable institution. But he was a harmless fellow as a rule, and, indeed, was often called an "innocent." Nor was he by any means literally a fool. There was one who used to earn a few pence by holding horses for farmers and others on market days. A stranger to the town having employed him, asked his charge.

"Hoot! I hae-nae charge. Whiles a tumph (blockhead) offers me twa bawbees (halfpennies) but a gentleman like you gies me saxpence."

Hurry up, Rag Man!

Who is it calling
With a voice so hoarse?
Who is that bawling?
The rag man, of course!
Children hustle, all in a bustle,
See how each little hand is
Carrying hence bottles for pence—
Money to buy some candies:
Then off to the corner, off to the store—
Hurry up, rag man, come for some more.

He Knew Him.

"Yes," said Puffly, throwing out his chest and looking ferocious. "He couldn't bluff me. I showed him. He was sitting in his office all swelled up, but I walked right in, and he and I had a few words."

"Gee," said Nadams, "I'll bet you had the fewest."

Mr. Frisky's Philosophy.

The fat little squirrel up in the tree
Sighed over and over, "Oh, dear me!
Now were I a bird, and could I fly,
I'd have some nuts—but food is high!"

Just then came a wind, and Frisky found
The lovely nuts lay thick on the ground.
"Dear me!" he chattered, "now isn't this good?
There has been a decided fall in food!"

'Tis ever so. When things hang high,
If they're meant for us, a wind'll come by,
And will scatter our blessings within our reach—
If I write a line more I'll begin to preach.

So here's to you, Frisky, the nuts and us all;
May we be on the watch for our blessings to fall!

Teacher—Johnny, why can't you lift yourself by your bootstraps?

Johnny (promptly)—'Cause I wear shoes.